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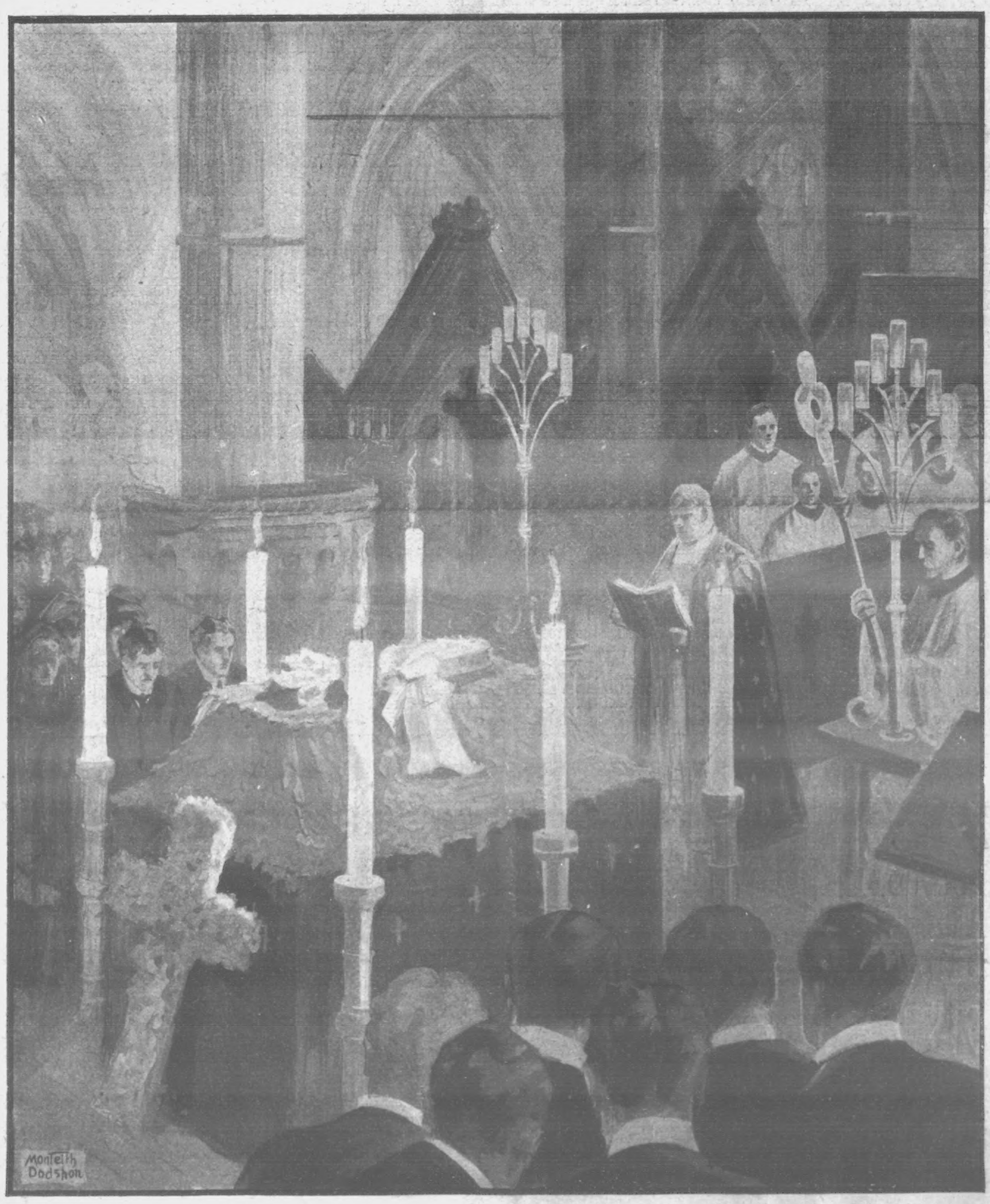

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The impressive funeral of Sir Henry in Westminster Abbey. The service was conducted by Canon Duckworth. The chief mourners were Lady Irving and the dead actor's two sons. The pall bearers were Sir Squire Bancroft, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Tennyson, Sir Chas. Wyndham, Mr. John Hare, Lord Burnham, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Mr. Geo. Alexander, Sir L. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Tree, Mr. J, Forbes Robertson, Prof. Sir James Dewar, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., and Mr. A. W. Pinero.

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The King at Kingsway.

The King, who was accompanied by the Queen and Princess Victoria, opened the two new thoroughfares of Kingsway and Aldwych last week, which have been constructed by the London County Council., at an initial cost of over six millions sterling, as an improved means of traffic between Holborn and the Strand. Their Majesties left Buckingham Palace and drove along a route which was profusely decorated and lined by cheering spectators, to the scene of the ceremony.

Arrived at the west end of Aldwych, their Majesties halted to receive addresses from the City Councils of Westminster and the Borough Councils of Holborn and Poplar. All were graciously acknowledged, and in reply to the Poplar address, which referred to the distress from want of employment among the population of that borough, his Majesty said the welfare of the industrial classes had always been a matter of the gravest concern to the Queen and himself. They were deeply grieved to hear of the distress arising from the lack of employment, and the Queen specially desired him to express heartfelt sympathy with the wives and children who must, in these circumstances, endure such severe hardships. He would not fail to refer the suggestions in the address to his Ministers, who would, he was confident, advise him in such a way as might be consistent with wisdom and sound policy.

Their Majesties then proceeded to an immense pavilion, erected at the Aldwych end of Kingsway. In the pavilion were gathered a large assemblage of invited guests, among whom the president and members of the Paris Municipal Council occupied a prominent position.

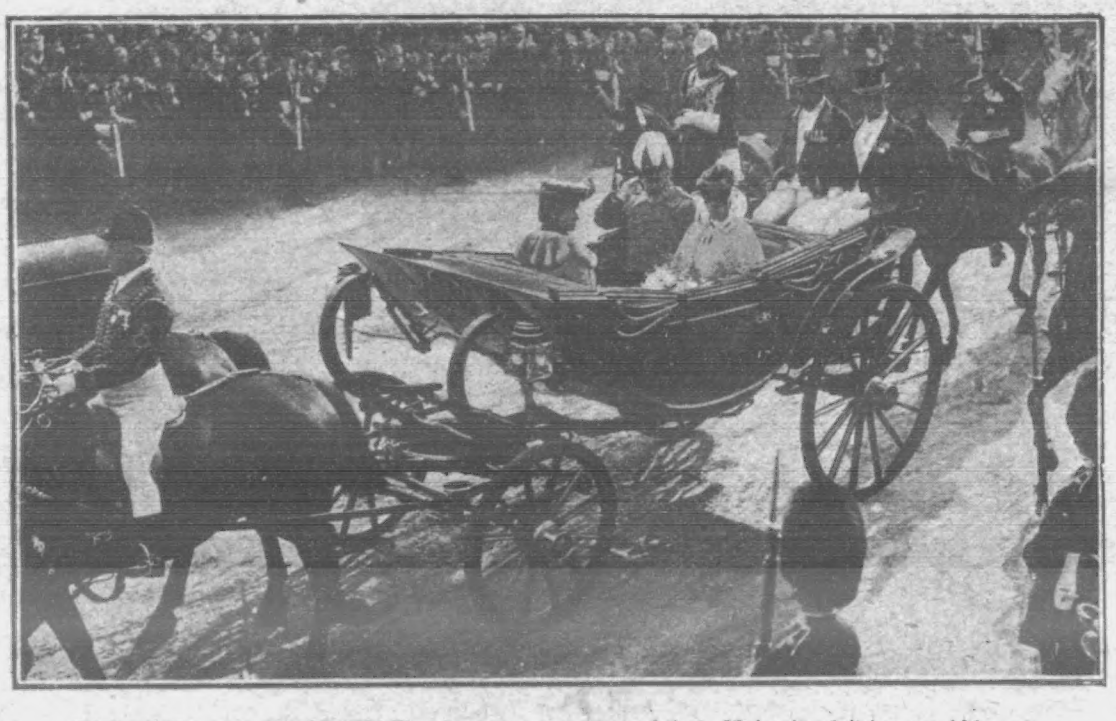
When their Majesties had taken their places, surrounded by their suite and by leading members and officers of the County Council, on a central dais, a bouquet was presented to the Queen by Miss Cornwall, the little daughter of the Chairman of the County Council, who then read an address briefly describing the character of the Kingsway and Aldwych improvement, and the King replied, expressing the pleasure which it gave to the Queen and himself to be present on the occasion, and his assurance that the new streets would facilitate communication between the different parts of the metropolis.

His Majesty was then presented with a gold key, which he inserted in a pedestal standing on the dais, and the gates closing the new thoroughfare were at once swung open by electricity. This terminated the formal ceremony, and after the King had presented M. Brousse to the Queen, their Majesties retired for a few minutes to the withdrawing-room, where they accepted from Mr. Cornwall bound copies of a descriptive account of the improvement, and signed the Council's record of their presence on the occasion.

They shortly afterwards returned through the pavilion to their carriage, and passed by Kingsway and across Holborn to the end of the improvement in Southampton Row, thence returning to Buckingham Palace amid renewed manifestations of public loyalty.

Photo, Bowden.

THE KING AT KINGSWAY: Lord Cheylesmore and Miss Cornwall, who presented the Queen with a bouquet, awaiting the Royal party.



THE KING AT KINGSWAY: A unique snapshot of their Majesties driving up Aldwych.

Andrew Carnegie at Home.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who was last week installed as Lord Rector of St. Andrews University, is particularly happy in his helpmeet, formerly Miss Louise Whitfield, the daughter of an old New England family. Mrs. Carnegie agrees whole-heartedly with her husband's "dictum." The man who dies rich, dies disgraced. Not only does she co-operate energetically with the famous Steel King's philanthropic schemes, but she does much good on her own account in an unostentatious way.

Miss Margaret Carnegie, the ten-year-old daughter of the millionaire, is a little lady of fascinating manners. The only child of her parents, she is the object of their passionate love and care. There is no happier household in Scotland than the beautiful Highland mansion of Skibo, where the Carnegie family spend much of the year.

THE KING AT KINGSWAY: The arrival of their Majesties at the marquee in which the King unlocked the gates and declared the new highway open.

The Last Few Days.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

HEROES OF PEACE.

There are to-day many invitations to consider mere bravery. First comes the case of the policeman who, in utter disregard for his own safety, rode his horse into a Sheriff's carriage, and so stopped the horses which had taken fright from doing further damage, and, perhaps, turning the visit of the King to the City into a tragedy. Another instance of heroism is shown amid gunpowder and the flash of steel. All over the land are to be found memorials to the heroes of war.

For this, as for most apparent eccentricities of a people's mind, good reason can be given if it be sought.

The hero of peace generally rescues one man. A single life is dependent on his exertions. He does nobly—quite as nobly as the soldier on the field of battle — perhaps more so, heroism. We might get a deeper appreciation of the men who, in cold blood, when there is nothing to prevent their seeing clearly, offer their lives a willing sacrifice for their brethren. That old lady was not far from the truth who, when asked for the greatest instance of bravery she had ever known, pointed to a poor woman who was bringing up a family on fifteen shillings a week.

Photo, Topical.

OFF TO INDIA: The Prince and Princess of Wales on their way to Victoria, *en route* for India.

provided by the crew of the Dunbar lifeboat, who risked their lives to save the crew of a wrecked Russian barque. Nor must we forget the Morpeth iron-worker, who died in the attempt to rescue a comrade from the fumes of a furnace; the Bombay constable who leaped into a deep well after a man who had fallen down it; with other deeds of unselfish bravery such as are apt to go unrewarded and unsung. Several are referred to on other pages of this issue of the *P.I.P.*

For the heroes of peace we do far too little, says a leader-writer in the *Evening Standard*. Occasionally a memorial is built to their honour. That great artist and good man, the late G. F. Watts, founded a sort of temple to their fame. But such recognition is miserably infrequent. In general, the hero of peace goes to his death or saves his life with difficulty, gets a paragraph in the newspapers, now and then the Humane Society's award, and then passes into oblivion. His story is rarely or never told in the tale-books. It does not remain in the memory.

There is no glow or glitter about it.

On the other hand, we never forget the defenders of Rorke's Drift, the young officers who died to save the colours after Isandula, the colonel who went back under heavy fire to pick up a fallen comrade. Bravery is sure to be well-published when seeing that he has none of the stir and excitement of conflict to thrill his blood, and make his brain forgetful of the consequences of temerity. But no community can descry its own salvation in his deed. Whereas the hero of war is fighting his country's enemies, and his country looks on in the consciousness that what he does, be it never so small a deed, is in some sense done directly for them. The theatre is larger. All the audience are personally interested. It is their life the hero seems to be saving, their honour he drags from under the feet of the enemy. It is useless, then, to sneer at the popular prejudice in favour of gunpowder and steel as the conditions of the higher heroism. We cannot divest ourselves of egoism even when contemplating bravery and self-denial.

Nevertheless, it may not be out of place to suggest that with a little thinking we might rise to a finer conception of the essential quality of

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

The two young Princes driving from Wolferton Station to Sandringham last Saturday.

"LEST WE FORGET."

Nelson was altogether great. His human weaknesses, the frailty of his body and the frailty of his heart and soul, are but the complement of his greatness. He was no more superhuman than the infantry of Japan. He died like a man and he lived like a man, with a man's sinfulness and errors to his account (says a leader writer in last Saturday's *Evening Standard*). But when he went to his last, most glorious fight he had already won a victory over self; he had torn himself, suffering in body and mind, from the close embrace of overmastering love; he had put duty and patriotism before all baser ties. And so his "Thank God, I have done my duty!" has survived the oblivion of a hundred crowded years, holding with the immortal signal to the Fleet the hearts and minds of the British Nation as closely to-day as they did when Nelson lived and died. But what is the spirit of the ancestor worship we offer to-day? Our service is to a great ideal, but is it to be lip service or life service?

"The tumult and the shouting dies, the captains and the kings depart; still stands Thine ancient sacrifice, a broken and a contrite heart." To reach forward to that ennobling ideal of duty in self-sacrifice which Nelson set before us, to recover, as a nation, something of the Nelson touch, to count no delays too long, no hardship insufferable, no hour too desperate when there is work to be done for England—that is the lesson which Trafalgar Day, 1905, has for every one of us. "The captains and the kings depart"—our great leaders of war and peace leave us and come no more, but England still stands. The exaltation of a moment is gone in a moment, and do we offer to the God of battles and of peace the "ancient sacrifice, a broken and a contrite heart"? Are we all froth and sound, or is our heart established in the strength that duty gives? That is what we have to ask ourselves to-day, searchingly and sincerely, comparing the present with the past, and drawing the right meaning from the glorious career of Horatio, Lord Nelson.

The memorial to the late Duke of Cambridge, which the King unveiled in the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, last Sunday.

Photo, Advance.

REVIVAL OF AN OLD-FASHIONED WEDDING CUSTOM: The marriage of Miss Florence Lyon, daughter of the late Colonel Francis Lyon, R.A., to Mr. Charles Speke, son of the late Rev. B. Speke, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, marked an unusual departure from present-day customs. The bride walked to the church, preceded by the clergy and choir, whilst her train-bearers and bridesmaids made up a picturesque procession.

Photo, Topical.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ABROAD: His Royal Highness driving with the King of Sweden in Copenhagen last week. As we go to press it seems extremely likely that Prince Charles of Denmark will be elected King of Norway.

A Plucky Coastguardsman: Mr. A. G. Cheshire, who recently plunged into the sea at Eastbourne and saved a woman's life.

Fatal Attempt at Rescue.

Two men were suffocated last week in a furnace at the Wansbeck Ironworks, Morpeth. One of the men lost his life while endeavouring to save his comrade.

Shortly after the dinner-hour John Grey entered the furnace to do some repairs. Outside stood two men ready to hand him material.

Grey had hardly set about his task when his fellow-workmen saw him sink to the floor overcome by fumes.

He was beyond their reach, but George Blackhall, the second foreman, who came up at that moment, at once went to the rescue.

He carried a rope, and, making his way to the prostrate form of Grey, was in the act of fastening the rope to the unconscious man when he, too, was overcome by the fumes.

In his haste Blackhall neglected to fasten the rope to himself, and the men outside, who made gallant efforts to reach their comrades, were unable to pull him out.

Eventually John Hunter tied a handkerchief over his mouth and nostrils, and with a rope round his body entered the furnace. He manage to reach Grey, and, making one end of the rope fast, the insensible man was hauled out. Afterwards Hunter tied a rope round Blackhall, and he, too, was drawn out of the furnace.

Both men died a few minutes later without recovering consciousness.

Crimes Against Criminals.

At the Central Criminal Court Marion Seddon, aged sixty-one, was sentenced to death for the murder of her husband. The judge, in summing up, said that it was the saddest case that had ever come before him, and he felt that it was a case in which there was no impropriety in saying that if the law was properly carried out, and a verdict given, there was happily behind that a prerogative of mercy in the hands of the Crown. By the execution of this aged woman the public conscience would be shamed. With her husband, after a period of unspeakable poverty, she had reached the end of her resources. In despair they agreed to die together, and they took poison. The husband expired, but the aged woman recovered. Sometimes in the name of the law we commit crimes against criminals. But, in cold blood, speaking of justice, to break the neck of this woman, already brought to the edge of the grave by her sufferings, would be a mockery of that civilisation to which at least we pay some homage with our lips.

"Sherlock Holmes" in Court.

Sir A. Conan Doyle, who is understood to be gathering material for a new series of Sherlock Holmes stories, dealing more especially with bank frauds, caused some surprise in the Liverpool Police Court last week by unexpectedly walking up the steps leading from the cells to the dock.

Accompanied by the chief constable, he had been going through the underworld of the police buildings in order to gather the local colour. As it happened, the court had just finished its business, and the stipendiary was busily signing documents before departure for the day.

"Sherlock Holmes" and the magistrate were introduced. Thereupon the the stipendiary, Mr. Stewart, expressed his regret that the famous story-writer had not appeared a little earlier.

Adrift on a Raft.

Of the crew of eight of the schooner *Van Name and King*, which was abandoned in a waterlogged condition, two were saved after enduring awful agonies.

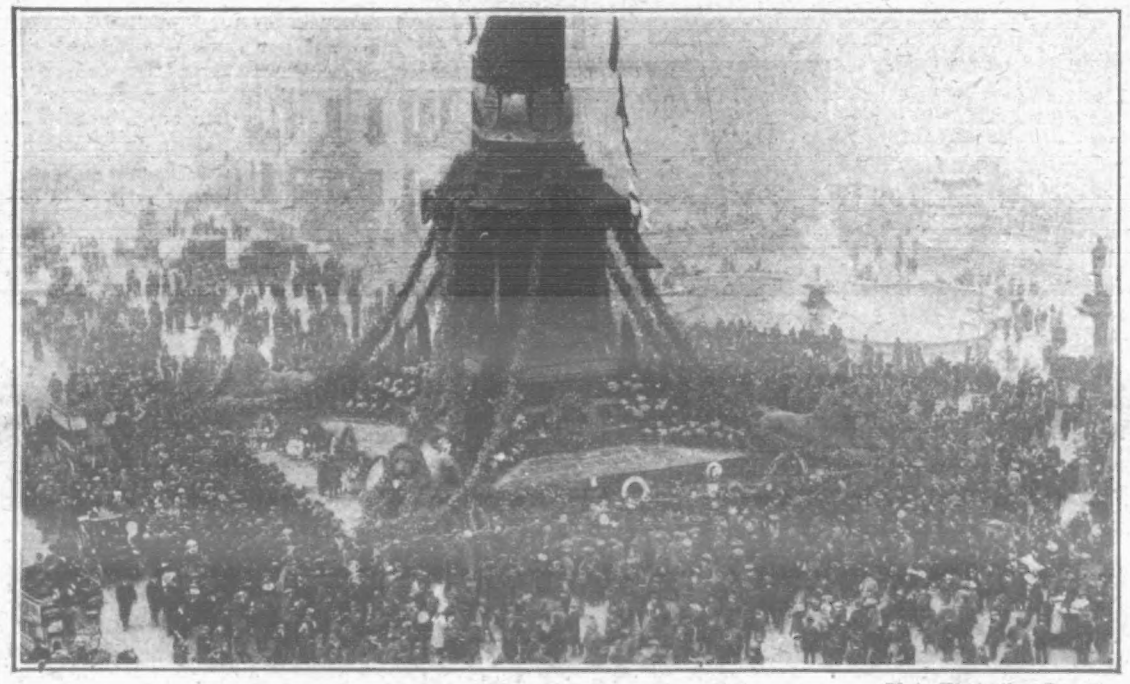
For five days and four nights the crew were adrift on a raft in the Atlantic. One was swept away by a heavy sea, another died in the captain's arms, the mate becoming insane committed suicide by drowning himself, and the captain and the engineer met with a similar fate.

The steward also died, but the others were picked up by the schooner *Kelly* and taken to Boston.

Two fishermen, who were in a dory off Grand Bank, Newfoundland, were swept away in a storm from the ship *Arbutus*, and were regarded as dead in Gloucester.

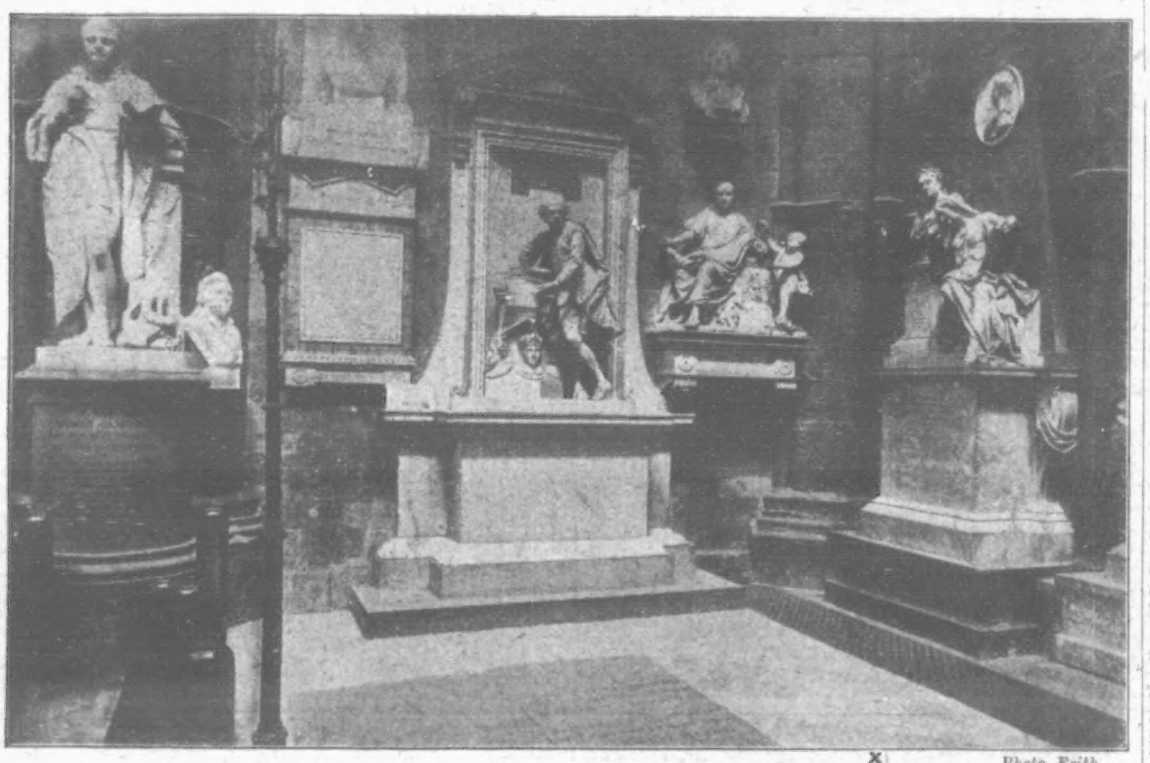
They drifted six days without food or water, although on the second day an English steamship passed near them, the officers apparently not observing their signals of distress. Eventually the *Nicholas II.* rescued them in an unconscious condition. They were kept in bed for eight days and taken to Copenhagen. One of the crew has told the story of the rescue.

THE FUNERAL OF SIR HENRY IRVING: The family of the dead actor attending the service t Westminster Abbey.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

NELSON CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS: The crowd round the decorated Nelson column last Saturday.



Photo, Frith

THE FUNERAL OF SIR HENRY IRVING: The Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. The cross marks the place where the dead actor was buried. It is next to the grave of David Garrick.

Courageous Wife.

Last week a score of men attacked the villa of an English manufacturer named Briggs, part owner of Messrs. Briggs and Posselt's spinning mills, near Warsaw.

The assailants first shot and killed three policemen, who were guarding Mr. Briggs' factory, and then went up to the villa. Mrs. Briggs was standing in the doorway, and the men, pointing their revolvers at her, demanded that she should call her husband. This the lady courageously refused to do and the men retired.

A few minutes later, and without any warning, they threw a bomb, which damaged the villa and seriously wounded the gardener. They then made off. The chief of the local police, on being informed of the affair, communicated with the military, and a force of Cossacks was sent, which surrounded the factory and the villa, but no arrests are yet reported.

World's Largest Crane.

The London and South-Western Railway Company's new graving-dock at Southampton, which was opened last Saturday by the Marquis of Winchester, is one of the most remarkable yet designed.

Four years ago the site formed part of the "Mudlands," a watery waste covering nearly 100 acres of land which had never before been utilised.

When in use the dock will contain 85,000 tons of water. The dock is fitted with every modern appliance for convenient working, including an electric crane to lift fifty tons at a radius of 87ft. Weighing 300 tons, and travelling upon twenty wheels along the east wall of the dock, this crane is the largest in the world.

Militant Stags.

Exmoor stags have been asserting themselves vigorously since the commencement of the "rutting" season.

Not only have the followers of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds and of Sir John Amery's Staghounds had evidence of the ferocity of the stags, but inoffensive pedestrians have been attacked as they walked along the country roads.

The latest incident reported is of a stag taking up a position on a country road near Dulverton and disputing the passage of both men and horses.

Lit His Funeral Pyre.

A tragic discovery was made last week by the firemen who were called to a fire at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, Dublin.

The fire had broken out in a detached timber structure, used as offices and storerooms. The firemen quickly subdued the flames. Then they entered the building, and there they discovered the lifeless body of Sergeant-Major Waugh, with a blood-stained razor by his side.

It became evident that the sergeant-major, after setting fire to the building, had cut his throat.

Sergeant-Major Waugh was the son of Lieut.-Colonel Waugh, who was formerly in command of the old 57th Regiment.

Many of his comrades had noticed a strangeness in his manner recently, although nothing is known of any particular trouble to account for this.

The British Soldier.

"I HOPE the English people may never forget the endurance and self-sacrificing loyalty that has always been an instinct of the British soldier, whom I believe to be the finest fellow in the world. Well led by English gentlemen, there is nothing he could not do—certainly nothing that he is not prepared to attempt." These sentences occur in a letter written by Lord Wolseley to a Chester author.

A Shooting Trophy, which will shortly be presented to the ship in the Channel Fleet making the best "battle practice." This trophy takes the form of a silver-gilt vase standing about 3ft. high. It has been presented by an anonymous donor in honour of the Nelson Centenary.

NEWS OF THE WEEK ABROAD.

British Officers Captured by Brigands.

Two British officers of Marines, Captain Crowther and Lieutenant Hatton, were returning by land to Ceuta, after taking part in operations connected with the salvage of the stranded repair-ship *Assistance* with an escort of twenty-one Riffs, when they were attacked by six men of the Anjera tribe, led by a brother of the brigand known as "Valiente." The escort fled, leaving the officers in the hands of the Anjeras, but on arriving at Ceuta they told the Governor, who informed the admiral at Gibraltar.

Mohammed El Torres, the Sultan's Representative for Foreign Affairs, was notified of the outrage, and special couriers where sent to discover the whereabouts of the prisoners, and to open negotiations with their captors.

The chief offered to exchange his prisoners for his brother, who is in prison at Tangier.

It was the followers of "Valiente's" brother who were responsible for the murder of Kaid Esshadi, Governor of the Ceuta frontier district, reported on October 9.

The New York lawyer, Mr. John Larkin, and his wife, recently passed through this district of Morocco unscathed in their adventurous journey from Tetuan to Tangier, but they were both skilfully disguised as Moors, and had a Moorish Shereef with them.

It was "Valiente" himself who recently seized near Ceuta some Spanish fishing-boats, which with their gear he said he would only give up on payment of an exorbitant ransom. Consequently Spain sent the cruiser *Infanta Isabel* to the coast, and this may account for "Valiente" being in prison.

Earlier in the present year that adventurous French traveller, the Marquis de Segonzac, was captured by Ben Tabia, the chief of a wandering tribe south of the Atlas Mountains. A native who had known him at Mogador saw through his disguise, the hood he was wearing was thrown over his face, and he was pulled violently off his mule, and bound hand and foot. After a time, however, he was released.

An abominable outrage was the murder of Mr. Daniel Madden, Austrian and Danish Vice-Consul at Mazagan, by a wealthy Moor at midnight, after a wedding-party.

The kidnapping of Mr. Perdicaris last year made a great sensation. One of the most respected and long-established residents of Tangier, he was carried off one night by Raisuli, the chief of the confederate Kabyle tribes. This Moor, in recognition of his power, has since been given an official position of authority. The ransom demanded by Raisuli, and acceded to by the Sultan, was £11,000 down, the release of all Raisuli's tribesmen in prison, and the dismissal of the Governor of Tangier.

After him came the turn of Mr. Harris, the newspaper correspondent, who had spent many years in Morocco, and was a friend of the Sultan.

Russian Reformer Dead.

Prince Troubetzkoi, the great Russian reformer, who died last week after an apoplectic seizure, was regarded by the Russian people as one of their foremost champions.

The Prince, like his distinguished colleagues of the Moscow Zemstvoist Congress, was naturally disappointed and dissatisfied with the parliamentary scheme promulgated on the 19th inst., but he had also the good sense to see that by standing aloof from the new Gossudarstvennaya Duma he and the reformers would be playing into the reactionary hands of the bureaucracy.

Prince Troubetzkoi was the ablest of three remarkable brothers. He assisted to draw up the famous appeal to the Tsar, which ended: "Sire, do not delay; great is your responsibility before God and before Russia."

THE FUNERAL OF RUSSIA'S POPULAR IDOL: Removing the body of Prince Troubetzkoi from St. Petersburg to Moscow.

A Modern Othello.

Romance and tragedy, strangely reminiscent of Othello, figure in the particulars sent by the Djiboutil correspondent of the *Express*, of the recent execution of a favourite chief of the Emperor Menelik.

Ras Byzance, the dusky and gallant head of 15,000 warriors, married a short time ago the sister of a neighbouring Ras. They lived happily at Adis-Abeba until Byzance grew jealous of a certain chief, and in this spirit he one night murdered his wife and six servants. Her brother demanded of the supreme court that, in accordance with Abyssinian law, the assassin should be delivered into his hands so that he might avenge the crime.

Before the tribunal, presided over by the Emperor Menelik himself, Ras Byzance failed to prove the infidelity of his wife. Therefore he was condemned to be handed over to the victim's brother for execution.

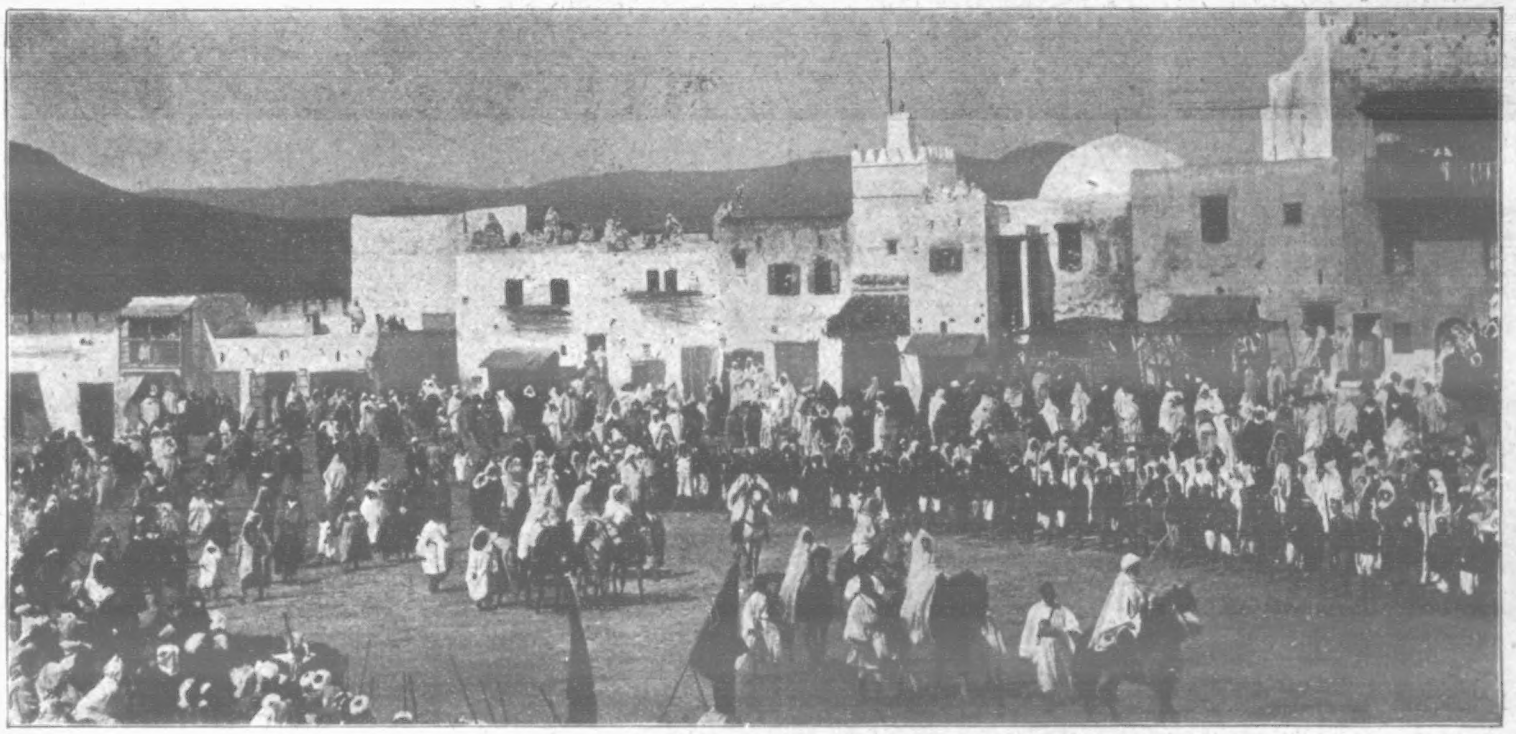
Menelik, with trembling voice and glistening eyes, interceded on behalf of Ras Byzance.

"I ask you," he said, addressing the brother, "to have mercy. By killing the miserable assassin you cannot call back the beloved dead. Let him live; that will be the best revenge.

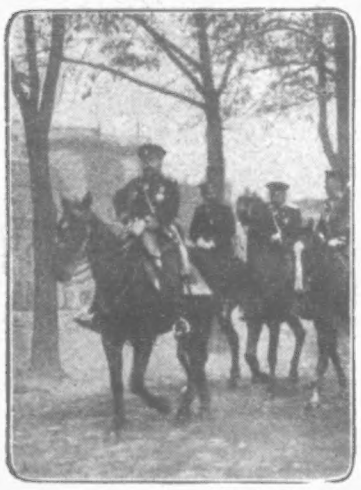
"Look at him! See the repentance in his face! I ask you mercy."

But the brother would not hear. So Ras Byzance was taken to the prison. Troops hurried into the city to prevent a possible rising of the people. Then one morning at four o'clock Ras Byzance was conducted by an armed guard out of the city and delivered into the hands of his brother-in-law, who slew him with the sword. When the city awoke the people found the dead body of Ras Byzance, and over it the weeping form of Ras Walda Georgis, a near relation and favourite of the Emperor's Court.

The younger brother of El Moro Valiente, the Moorish brigand, who, at the head of six armed men, captured two British officers near Castillejos.



BRITISH OFFICERS CAPTURED BY BRIGANDS: A picturesque view of a procession through the streets of Tetuan, near which two British officers were captured by brigands last week. They have now been released.



Photo, Clements.

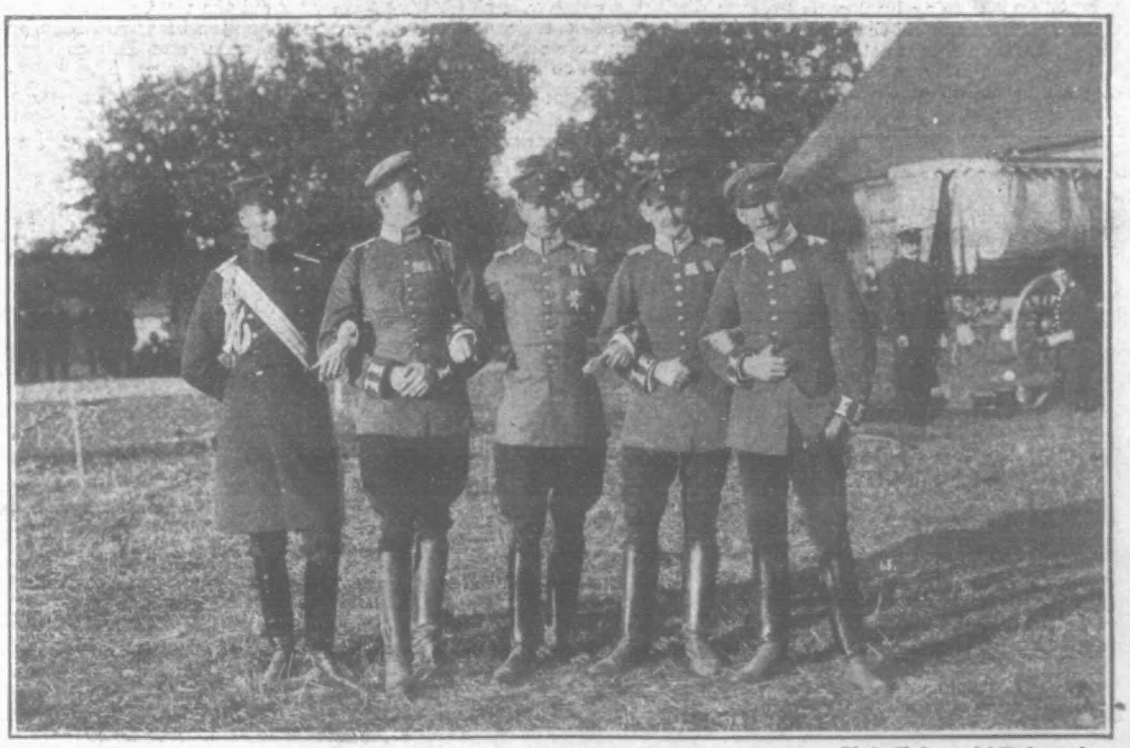
The Prince of Bulgaria on his way to the manœuvres held in honour of his visit to France.

Spanish Dynamite Plot.

According to a Madrid message published by the *Gil Blas*, a dynamite plot to kill King Alfonso and President Loubet during the President's visit to Madrid has been discovered.

An unusual number of boxes of cut flowers arriving from Barcelona attracted attention on Friday, and on examination from five to seven cases of dynamite were found in each box among the flowers.

A man to whom one of the boxes was addressed has been arrested, and a searching inquiry is being made.



Photo, Underwood & Underwood.

GERMANY'S FUTURE KAISER: The Crown Prince of Germany with some brother officers. The Prince is the central figure.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

There was plenty of interesting football under both codes last Saturday. I have often pointed out the advantage of playing "at home," and the results of last Saturday's League games afford a striking example of the benefit of having a known ground and a favourable crowd. In the first division of the senior League the home side was only beaten on two occasions; the same results were the outcome of the second division; while in the Southern League not one home team suffered a reverse. That evidence in itself is sufficient testimony to the point I have so frequently urged.

Photo, Bowden.

D. Gallagher, Captain of the New Zealand team.

Woolwich Arsenal secured a brace of points at the expense of Sunderland, but the Southerners may certainly be considered fortunate, as in the first ten minutes McKenzie, who was playing for Sunderland for the first time since his transfer from Third Lanark, was injured and took no further part in the game. The absence of their centre forward completely upset the play of the Wearsiders, who are so perilously near the bottom of the table that they do not deserve any "kicks" from Dame Fortune.

The meeting of Stoke and Everton on the "Potter's" ground resulted in one of the hardest battles of the series, and at the call of time each side had scored 2 goals. Aston Villa's game with Manchester City at Aston Park attracted an abnormally large gate, over 40,000 people witnessing the play. The Villa were winners by 3 goals to 1, and it may be of interest to mention that they have been chosen to play the annual match with the Corinthians for the Sheriff of London's shield.

Wolverhampton Wanderers and Blackburn Rovers met at Molyneux, the "Wolves" winning by 2 goals to 1. The match has an old-time flavour in itself, and another smattering of the "veteran stage" was imparted to the game by reason of the fact that Archie Goodall played for the Wanderers for the first time. The famous Derby County and International half-back gave a masterly display, and the wonder is how he keeps up his form from year to year. Derby County could have done with his services on Saturday apparently, for the "Rams" fell before the "Lambs" at Trent Bridge, Notts County winning by 1 goal to nil.

Newcastle United beat Bury very easily at St. James's Park, notwithstanding that the Lancastrians scored a goal. Three to one does not read like a very big hiding, but the United were more in front than the score shows. At Bramwall Lane, the meeting of Sheffield United with Sheffield Wednesday was the great attraction, and so keen is the local rivalry that over 30,000 people witnessed the game, the gate receipts being close on £850. The Wednesday won by 2 goals to nil and strengthened their position at the head of the League table.

At Deepdale, Preston North End beat Middlesbrough by 2 goals to 1, and the score about represents a fast and vigorous game. The visit of Birmingham City to Bolton to play the Wanderers, resulted in the Midland team luckily gaining the points by 1 goal to nil; and at Anfield, Liverpool registered a very easy victory over Notts Forest by 4 goals to 1.

Both London's second division clubs were defeated, Chelsea by Chesterfield, and Clapton Orient by Burnley. The latter were playing on their own ground, but the Orient should have done better than being beaten by 3 goals to nil. In the other case Chelsea were distinctly unlucky, and Chesterfield had to thank their goalkeeper, Cope, that they were able to return to Derbyshire with two points to their credit.

Photo, Bowden.

LONDON SCOTTISH BEAT OXFORD UNIVERSITY AT RICHMOND: After an exciting game the Scottish win by 23 points to 3.

The Southern League matches were more than ordinarily interesting. Tottenham Hotspur seem to come right back to their best form, and on Saturday last smothered New Brompton by 6 goals to nil. It was "Sandy" Tait's benefit, and it is satisfactory to note that Tottenham's old servant will reap a reward of something like £500. Their big victory took the Spurs to the head of the Southern League. Millwall and Swindon met at North Greenwich, but much to everybody's surprise Swindon managed to draw the game. Millwall were the better side, but their shooting was not of the best, and that fault cost them the match.

Brentford and Bristol Rovers played a hard game at Griffin Park, and the former proved the victors by 1 goal to nil. Southampton beat West Ham by a similar margin, and Fulham drew with Plymouth Argyle. The "Cottagers" are still unbeaten, and stand alone in this respect. At Luton the home team beat Portsmouth by the odd goal in five, but the beating of Queen's Park Rangers by Norwich City by such a margin as 4 goals to nil was a big surprise, even allowing for Norwich playing on their own ground.

The game between Northampton and Watford was expected to be a close one, and so it proved, for after a very hard battle Northampton only won by 2 goals to 1. Reading, despite a mishap which deprived them of the services of Henderson, just managed to beat Brighton and Hove Albion by a like score.

The New Zealanders continue their winning career, and Somerset went under to them by 3 goals and 3 tries (23 points) to nil. The Western county gave them a hard job, however, and were better than the figures suggest. They had the misfortune also of having two men hurt. The win raised the New Zealanders' record of points to 408 against 7!

Photo, Bowden.

RACING AT NEWMARKET: Cesarewitch Stakes, the race five furlongs from home.

Photo, Topical.

Inspection of the Royal Naval Volunteers on board the "Buzzard" by Admiral Henderson.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

The cross-country clubs are now in full cry, and some interesting races were decided last Saturday. The South London pack brought off their "Gibb" Challenge Cup race, run over a course of five miles, and there was a scaled handicap in connection with it. The holder, P. A. Casserley, retained possession of the cup, his time being 27min. 59secs. J. L. Churchill was second, and with a start of 1min. 30sec. he also won the handicap. E. R. Small was second, and F. J. Williams third.

The Herne Hill Harriers' programme was a three miles open road handicap, for which no fewer than 83 entries were received. The contest was decided at Chislehurst, and resulted in the victory of E. Banks, of the Bromley Conservative A.C., whose start was 1min. 40sec. F. Clayton (Hackbridge H.), 45sec., was second, and H. B. Nicholls (Hackbridge H.), 55sec., third. Considering the field he had to wade through, P. M. Kenny (Cambridge H.), who was on the scratch mark with G. F. Law (Polytechnic H.), did very well to finish sixth, and he had the credit of making the fastest time, 16min. 17sec.

The Polytechnic Harriers indulged in walking, and decided their ten miles club championship at Pinner. With the fifty miles record holder, J. Butler, amongst the competitors, there was no need to search further for the winner, and he passed the judges first in the good time of 1hr. 17min. 30sec. In connection with the championship was a scaled handicap.

This was won by E. G. Day, who had finished second to Butler in the level race. His start was 18½min., and his net time 1hr. 23min. 55sec. G. Stuart was second, his allowance being 20min., and F. J. Jacob was third, with a start of 6min. 40sec. The latter was also third in the scratch event. There were fourteen competitors out of an entry of fifteen.

The Wigmore Harriers held a three miles steeplechase handicap at Hampstead. W. J. Collier (1min. start) was first man home; G. F. Billingsley (2min. 35sec.) second; and C. Dean (2min. 15sec.) third. G. Dawson frightened away all the opposition in the four and three-quarter miles challenge cup of the Thames Hare and Hounds, but ran over and covered the Roehampton course in 27min. 50 3-5sec. The other members indulged in an ordinary run. The Finchley Harriers and Highgate Harriers held ordinary paper-chases at Neasden and Wood Green respectively.

At a general committee meeting of the N.C.U., held last Saturday, the Secretary reported that a conference had been arranged with the A.A.A. for Saturday, November 4.

BILLIARDS.

Although Mr. Mitchell made a break of 287—which was the highest up to that point in the International tournament at Soho Square—he was beaten by Reece in the heat which finished last Saturday. The younger player was always looking like a winner, and his start of 750 from Mitchell in (actually) 7,250 up was more than enough to give him confidence in his ability to beat the Sheffield veteran, as he eventually ran out victorious by 1,609.

Photo, Rouch.

B. Dillon, who rode Hammerkop to victory in the Cesarewitch.

Photo, Topical.

GLOUCESTER BEATEN BY NEW ZEALAND: Break up of a scrum, Gloucester with the ball.

Dawson fully displayed his power to give Diggle a good start by beating the Lancastrian by nearly 500 points, after conceding 2,000 in a match of 18,000 up at Thurston's. The game was remarkable for a magnificent break of 410 by Dawson—an effort which shows that he has by no means lost his form. John Roberts (who figures at scratch in the big tournament at Soho Square) successfully gave 2,750 start to Mack in a match of 9,000 up at Sheffield, the great billiard master winning by 57 points. Last Monday Cook beat his previous record of 120 consecutive nursery cannons by making 159 of these pretty strokes in succession. He is opposing Lovejoy, the ex-amateur champion, to whom he is conceding 1,000 start in the curious number of 7,200 up.

The Jungle "Nightmare."

The "man eater" is the jungle nightmare of India, and numerous are the theories to account for its abnormal appetite. Commonly it is said to be an old tiger which has found game too difficult to bring down, or a sickly tiger which has resorted to man-killing in its weakness as the easier method. The consensus of opinion among experienced hunters and observers is, however, that a man eater is an ex-cattle killer which in conflict with herders, who are often quite brave in defence of their cattle has discovered how much less work it is to kill a man than cattle, for the cattle-killer is usually fat and lazy.

Nothing has been found, so far as I have discovered (says a writer in *Outing*) to suggest appetite for human flesh as the impelling motive, or that man-eaters reject all flesh not human, or that the cubs of a man-eating tigress inherit the man-killing propensity. Rather is it a case of contempt for man bred of familiarity, and more often the lust lays hold of the tigress, very likely because in foraging for her cubs (as she does until they begin to hunt for themselves at seven months), and in their defence she has come more frequently in contact with man; or it may be because the female is more numerous than the male, or because by nature the slyer and more vicious. Certainly she is a fiend incarnate, when every second year she gives birth to cubs, usually two, which do not move about with her until six weeks old; and no doubt her disposition is not improved by the necessity of concealing the youngsters from the tiger, who else would devour them.

A Motorist's Victory.

The habit the police have in certain neighbourhoods of charging with dangerous driving, under Sect. 1 of the 1903 Act, all motorists suspected of exceeding the speed limit will have to cease forthwith, for Mr. F. A. Coleman's appeal case at Colchester ended in a motorist's victory. The appeal was fought on principle, Mr. Coleman having been fined 40s. for driving to the danger of the public when the public were not so situated that they could have been endangered. It was not disputed that the speed was twenty-five miles an hour, and an action for exceeding the legal limit probably would not have been defended. The question to be decided at Colchester was whether a motorist can be convicted under Sect. 1 of the Act when there is no evidence of danger to the public except the proof of a rate of speed in excess of the legal limit. Since Mr. Coleman was awarded full costs and had the endorsement on his licence cancelled, the answer seems to be in the negative.

Police-Sergeant and Salmon Poachers.

Charged with attempting to drown a police-segeant in the river Coquet, two miners, named Forbes and Allen, have been committed for trial by the Alnwick magistrates. They were also fined for salmon poaching. According to the evidence, Sergeant Barton observed a boat and net shoot across the river Coquet. He jumped off the jetty into the boat beside the men. Forbes shouted, "Let's drown him," and Allen jumped up and struck Barton, who closed with him, and while struggling Forbes seized the officer by the legs and threw him overboard. Barton pulled Allen with him, and they struggled for some time in the water. Eventually Barton swam ashore, and afterwards arrested both men.

Lord Leigh's Generosity.

Lord Leigh, who died on Saturday, fined many poachers in his time, and paid many of the fines he imposed out of his own pocket. He would ascertain the circumstances of the culprit, and if he found that poverty had led to the delinquency, would not hesitate to give the money that kept the man out of prison. More than once he took poachers into his service as gamekeepers.

National Forestry.

A definite plan for the reafforestation of Great Britain was suggested at Dumfries last week by Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P., who called upon the State to invest £10,000 a year in the purchase of land and the planting of it with trees.

At the end of fifty years, he said, it would have made an investment of £500,000, the cost of four days' campaigning against the Boers; and the land which it had bought, on the rent basis of 2s. an acre, would be producing 11s. an acre, a rise in value of 550 per cent.

In addition to this, he said, suppose that only 50,000 acres were planted by the State, instead of a rural population of one shepherd to 1,000 acres of pasture, there would be 500 woodmen on the whole tract.

The climate and soil of Great Britain, he added, were much more suitable for tree growth than those of a great deal of the forest area of the Continent, and it would be sheer blindness for British landowners to refuse to develop what would prove a source of regular income.

Bulldog's Last Fight.

Never was the proverbial tenacity of the bulldog better illustrated than in a series of extraordinary incidents which have just occurred at Hove.

A particularly savage specimen of the breed suddenly attacked a horse which was being exercised. The horse kicked its opponent vigorously, and then bolted. The bulldog made for another horse in a trap, and received another terrible kick.

Still unsubdued, the dog followed, and, meeting a cart-horse, attacked it more savagely than ever. Though the horse dragged the heavy cart right over the dog's body, it was not until an iron bar was brought to work that the dog succumbed.

A Bold Puppy.

Lord de Clifford, who came of age a few months ago, and who is hunting his own pack of hounds in Galway this season, has purchased one of the young lions born in the Dublin "Zoo" in April last.

The cub is still in the cage in the "Zoo" with his brother and sister, and with them is a puppy about which the officials tell amusing stories. The puppy not only holds his own with the lions, but keeps them in order. If they do not behave as he wishes he catches them by the tail and thus enforces discipline.

The bold puppy is to accompany Lord de Clifford's lion when he is removed so as to prevent the cub feeling lonely.

Sale of Growing Crops.

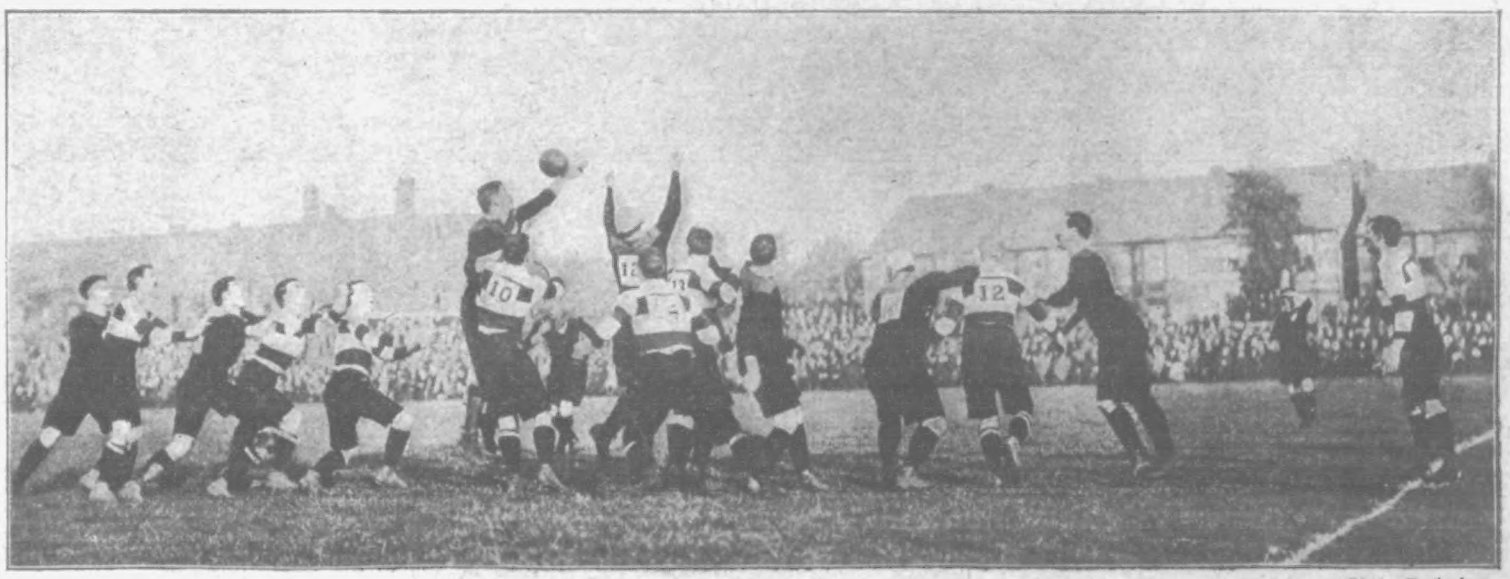
A novel point was raised in an action tried the other day in the Lewes County Court, which involved the question as to the duty of the seller of a growing crop to cultivate it after sale. The facts shortly were these: The owner of the growing crops on an estate near Dartford advertised them for sale. The defendant in this case answered the advertisement, and agreed to purchase the crops. Part of the money was paid, but payment of the balance was resisted on the ground that the crops were not as advertised. The substantial point, however, appeared to be the question whether, after the sale, the seller ought to have cultivated the crops until they were cut or gathered, or whether this duty ended on the purchase of the crops. A good deal of evidence was called as to the existence or otherwise of an alleged custom for the seller to cultivate. The purchaser stated that there was a universal custom in West Kent that the owner of property should cultivate the bought crop for the buyer. But, as against this, several fruit growers and buyers of standing crops said they had never heard of any such custom as alleged, their view being that when growing crops were bought it was the buyer's duty, and not the vendor's, to cultivate them until they were cut or gathered. In the result the jury found against the custom, and judgment was given for the seller. There appears to be no direct authority on the point raised in this case; but the general rule is that, when property is sold, it becomes in every respect at the buyer's risk, and it would seem to follow that, in the absence of any stipulation to the contrary, the buyer must do whatever is necessary to protect or perfect his property. Presumably, the price for a growing crop is fixed on the basis that the seller gets less than he would if the crop were mature, and this seems to involve the consequence that the purchaser only is henceforth concerned with what he has purchased. If the seller had to cultivate after sale he would naturally obtain a bigger price. A sale of standing crops is, in fact, a speculation on the part of the buyer. No doubt the seller is bound to afford the buyer facilities for coming on the land to do whatever may be necessary in the shape of cultivation until maturity, but beyond this his duty does not appear to extend.

The Farmyard Dinner Call.

A parable of an unwise farmer and his foolish chickens was told in *Motoring Illustrated* recently. A farmer, finding a motor-horn one day upon the road, took it home, and taught his poultry to gather for meals at its toot. All went merrily enough till one day a motor-car, passing the poultry-yard, blew a loud blast, whereupon the entire brood ran out and scorched after the motor till fourteen pullets and three roosters dropped dead in the road from exhaustion. The farmer now realises that men who find dropped motor-horns on the road are not advised to use them as farm-yard gongs.

Photo, Bowden.

THE NEW ZEALANDERS ("ALL BLACKS") DEFEAT SOMERSET BY 23 POINTS TO NIL: Getting the ball out of a scrum.



Photo, Topical.

NEW ZEALAND BEAT GLOUCESTER BY 44 POINTS TO NIL: A clever throw in from touch.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

"Captain Drew on Leave," Mr. Hubert Henry Davies' new play, was produced last Tuesday (October 24) by Sir Charles Wyndham at the New Theatre.

On her arrival at New York the French liner *La Savoie* reported having experienced the same terrible weather as the *Campania*, and the passengers had to submit to being locked in their cabins. The famous prima donna, Mme. Calvé, who was on board, declared herself confident that they would weather the storm safely, and sang to restore the spirits of her fellow-passengers.

The "iron pianist," Herr Berg, who set himself the task of playing the piano without stopping for thirty consecutive hours at the Brighton Aquarium, successfully accomplished that feat. During the course of his unique performance he played between five and six hundred pieces, including "Liszt's Rhapsody," and the march from Tannhauser.

Miss A'Vard, the clever violinist who made a most successful first appearance in London last week at the Æolian Hall, received her early musical training in London at the Academy of Music under Prof. Pollitzer, gaining many certificates, medals, scholarships, and exhibitions for both violin and piano. In 1903 Miss A'Vard went to Prague to study under the celebrated master, Prof. Sevcik (who trained Herr Kubelik and Miss Marie Hall). At the conclusion of her studies a grand concert tour through Bohemia was arranged by Prof. Sevcik with Miss A'Vard as violinist, and Fraulein Marie Sevcik (niece of the professor) as vocalist. One concert was given at the birthplace of Prof. Sevcik, where Miss A'Vard met with a most hearty reception. Her sympathetic interpretation of the national music was much appreciated by the Bohemians. At Prof. Sevcik's birthplace a new species of rose was named in Miss A'Vard's honour. A photo of the young violinist appears on page 267.

Six of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were played during last week at the Marlborough Theatre, Holloway, by the D'Oyley Carte company. The operas, in the order in which they were played, are as follows:—"The Mikado," "Yeomen of the Guard," "Gondoliers," "Patience," "Princess Ida," and "H.M.S. *Pinafore*." The Friday night's performance ("Princess Ida") was for the benefit of the League of Mercy. The company will sail shortly for a tour in South Africa, and cannot appear again in London until October of next year. Mr. Cellier, who was musical director of the Savoy Theatre during the whole twenty years of Savoy opera there, conducted all the performances.

Mrs. Lewis Waller, who is appearing in Birmingham in "The Admiral's Lady," says that she has made an irrevocable decision to retire from the stage. She desires to retire, she declares, at a time when she feels able to do so in comfort, with enough life before her to enjoy the leisure she has earned by thirty years of hard stage work.

"You know," she explained to a Press representative, "I enjoy acting when I am actually at it. I can throw myself with all my heart and soul into my part, but I have no illusions about the stage, and I shall be happy enough away from its atmosphere of artificiality. I have made up my mind that after a farewell tour of 'Zaza,' on which I shall start next autumn, I will withdraw from the stage and enjoy a country life. One cannot really do that while engaged in stage work. There is the performance every evening, and there are new plays to be found and new parts to be studied and rehearsed." Mrs. Waller admits that she had considered undertaking another tour, but when she read the news of Sir Henry Irving's death, and realised how much longer he might have lived had he been willing to retire earlier and enjoy his leisure, she decided to adhere to her resolve.

Mr. William Gillette's revival of "Sherlock Holmes" at the Duke of York's Theatre has proved an unqualified success. Sir Conan Doyle's great detective hero wears well. The interest manifested in his hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures is as keen as ever, judging from the attitude of the audience. The scenes between Holmes and the villainous Prof. Moriarty are finely acted. The company supporting Mr. Gillette is excellent.

Arrangements for the building of eighteen first-class theatres in the Western States of America and in Canada, at a cost of nearly a million sterling, have been made by Messrs. Shubert. Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske and Mr. David Belasco. The new combination already controls twenty-four houses. With the eighteen new ones they will have a circuit of equal importance to that of the Frohman Syndicate. All their houses will be "free" theatres—that is to say, the visiting companies will be their own masters.

Herr Kubelik made his last appearance prior to his departure for his two years' tour round the world at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon last.

M. Edmond Rostand has just refused £4,000 offered to him by the publisher, M. Pierre Laffitte, for the right to publish his new play, "Chantecler," in the magazine *Je Sais Tout*. M. Rostand refused to discuss any price for publication of the play, which is to be produced at the Théâtre de la Gaîté in a few weeks.

At the Coliseum last Monday Mr. Eugene Stratton returned in a special reproduction of Leslie Stuart's "My Little Octoroon," and Miss Victoria Monks, supported by a number of Coliseum auxiliaries, made her appearance in "Give my Regards to Leicester Square." Mr. Cecil Raleigh's playlet, "The Spy," was also produced on Monday. Miss Mabel Love concluded her present engagement at the Coliseum last week, but Mr. Stoll has re-engaged her to play the leading *rôle* in Miss Rita Strauss's and Mr. Thomas Coates's new scena, "In Cap and Bells," when it is produced in December.

The programmes at the Queen's Hall have with one or two exceptions borne a decidedly well-worn air recently. The second and "especially desired" performance of Cecil Forsyth's Victor Hugo, Studies, of which, by the way, only three out of the four were given, brought forth quite a storm of applause. There is naturally some divergence of opinion among Victor Hugo's disciples as to the proper musical treatment of these studies; but the second hearing gave a good opportunity for regarding them musically as distinct from their physical prototypes, and the result was not gratifying. Their ethical value as character studies far exceeds their musical interest. Clever in construction they may be, but beautiful they are not, and the attitude of the *chiffonier* in music is strongly to be discouraged. Some time ago M. Michael Zacharewitsch made a first "promenade" appearance in Tschaikovski's Violin Concerto in D. He understands and interprets the soul of this composer's music as no other violinist does, and his rendering of the Concerto was very beautiful, although the orchestra seemed strangely at variance with him as regards *tempo*. Once again Richard Strauss' enigmatic Domestic Symphony has been played, and well played too, but it did not evoke half the enthusiasm aroused by Godard's popular "Berceuse" sung in English unwisely and not well on the previous night. Of all composers, however, the one who still retains the promenaders' truest sympathy and most whole-hearted admiration is Wagner.

Photo, Lallie Charles.

MISS KITTY GORDON, who has just sailed for America to play in "Veronique."

Some valuable hints to young performers who suffer from "stage fright" were given by Dr. John Warriner, in lecturing recently at the Trinity College of Music, Mandeville Place, W. A person who was absolutely ignorant was not nervous, he said. Nervousness resulted from insufficient experience and consciousness of weakness. Appearance in public should be regarded as a usual, not a rare, thing. Nervous anticipation was destructive of concentration of mind. Introspection was equally to be avoided. In conclusion, he condemned eating "little and often," broken up practices, and pressure on the body due to tight clothing, as injurious to nerves. He urged the necessity of promoting good circulation by means of baths, the importance of aerating the blood, and the desirability of having many interests, not merely one.

London is about to possess a concert-hall that will supply the serious want occasioned by the loss of St. James' Hall. At present there is practically no choice between a hall that holds an audience of from four to five hundred or a hall that can at a pinch hold 3,000. Many concert-givers have thus had to decide between a hall that would not accommodate their following—with a consequent loss of profit—and one that with a host of admirers would still appear half empty, with the hire perhaps still unbalanced. It is to fill the gap that Messrs. Steinway and Sons have decided to build a new hall to seat an audience of about 1,500. Their project will, however, in no way interfere with their famous little hall in Lower Seymour Street. The new hall, which will be situated in the vicinity of Upper Regent Street, will cost upwards of £140,000.

Stories of Dan Leno.

Messrs. Methuen and Co. published last week the book "Dan Leno," in the compilation of which Mr. J. Hickory Wood has had the assistance and co-operation of Mrs. Leno and other members of the family of the King's Jester.

As every one knows, Dan Leno's youth was a hard one, but few people know what he himself thought of his transition from abject poverty to more than affluence. "I've earned a good deal of butter to my bread in my time, but I should have enjoyed it more if it had been better spread. I don't want to eat dry bread on Monday and lumps of butter on Saturday," he remarked a year or two ago.

Dan Leno's first appearance in London as a comedian was at the Foresters' Music Hall at £5 a week. For this he provided three items:—(1) A song entitled "Going to Buy Milk for the Twins." (2) An Irish song, entitled "When Rafferty Raffled his Watch." (3) His celebrated champion clog dance.

Next came an engagement for the 1886-7 Surrey pantomime, with his wife, at a joint salary of £20 a week, and then the long list of Drury Lane Christmas successes, ending with a weekly salary of £200 and the kingship of the music halls.

But his powers as a comedian dawned upon him, perhaps, at the music-hall in the colliery district, where, in a sketch, he was supposed to overhear the vile plot, concealed under the table-cloth. His instructions were that at a certain cue he should gently raise the corner of the cloth—just to let the audience know he was there.

When the plot was at its very thickest, and the audience were sitting breathless and spell-bound at its wicked intricacies, Dan lifted his table-cloth and peeped at them. Heaven knows what that audience saw in the face that dawned on them so abruptly. Probably, in his desire to be sufficiently intense to fit the situation, he gave them a prophetic vision of the Dan Leno of the near future.

Anyway, there was no more plot in that scene. The whole house shrieked with uncontrollable laughter, and refused to be quiet, or to listen to another spoken word, while Dan sat still under the table and wondered what on earth had happened. What had happened was that an audience had discovered the real business end of Dan Leno, which was not his feet, but his face.

Mr. Hickory Wood says truly: "One calls his performances on the halls 'songs' for want of a pithy word that is better; but they were not really songs at all. They were diverting monologues in a style of which he was as undoubtedly the originator as he was its finest exponent. With him the character was the first consideration; the amusing wealth of monologue on 'patter' was the means whereby he gave his audience an insight into that character, while the verses struck one as being, in most cases, a somewhat unnecessary interlude."

"To get the effect out of such songs," said Dan Leno himself, "is not so easy as it looks. In the first place you have to catch your song, and you will understand that difficulty when I tell you that I have fully 150 songs at home for which I have paid from one to five guineas each, and which are utterly useless. Sometimes I set up all night studying a song, and trying to see chances of effect in it, until I finally get out of temper and throw it in the fire. I study hard for all my songs, and my favourite way of doing that is to walk a few miles in the rain, keeping time with my feet to the tune."

Leno met Charles Dickens in Belfast, where the one was dancing and the other was lecturing, and Dickens prophesied future greatness for him in the words, "Good little man; you'll make headway," accompanied by a pat on the head.

In later years he suffered from deafness, and when he and Herbert Campbell were presented in the saloon at Drury Lane with services of plate, he did not hear a word of the presentation speech. He saw, however, that he was expected to say something, so, waving his hand to Mr. Arthur Collins, the manager of the theatre, he said: "Governor, it's a magnificent present I congratulate you, and you deserve it."

One last story has more than a touch of pathos in it. The second day after his arrival at the home in which his mental condition compelled a long retirement, he declared that the hall clock was wrong. He compared it with his watch, and argued warmly with the attendant, who persisted that the clock was right. "Then," said Dan at last, "if it's quite right, what is it doing here?"

Photo, Belak.

THE GIRL WITH THE RED DOMINO: Paris furnishes the latest novelty and stage sensation in "Le Domino Rouge," who dances nightly at the Casino, mysteriously masked. Her identity has never been disclosed to the public or even to the manager.

TWO UNIQUE SNAPSHOTS OF THE TSAR.

A RUSSIAN REVIEW: The Emperor and Empress of Russia returning from a review. Observe that the Empress is arrayed in the uniform of the regiment of which she is an honorary officer.

A ROYAL PICNIC: The only snapshot ever obtained of the Tsar during an "al fresco" luncheon in one of his private parks.

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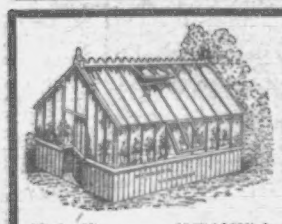

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A Fowl Tonic.

About the best iron tonic for fowls is that known as "Douglas Mixture," the recipe for which is: Sulphate of iron quarter of a pound, sulphuric acid half an ounce, and water one gallon. Place the sulphate and acid in a strong earthenware pot, pour on the water, and stir well with a stick. Leave it for a day or two days, protected by a wooden cover, then run it off into bottles, cork well, and seal. Dose, a teaspoonful to each half pint of drinking water, or in similar proportions in the water used for mixing the food, every third or fourth day. The drinking vessels and those holding the mixture should not be of metal.

Dairy Produce and Adulteration.

A recent report of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries states plainly that during the past two or three years the sale of margarine as butter has been carried on in many of the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire in a manner which suggested the existence of an organised association of fraudulent traders. Certain persons who posed as Irish egg and butter merchants have opened shops in different localities under various *aliases*, and have sold margarine as butter. When the fraud has been discovered the parties have absconded, either before the summons could be served or before it was returnable. Between twenty-five and thirty of such shops were opened during 1904. Local authorities experienced great difficulty in dealing with these cases, but, owing to the exertions of the officials of Lancashire, Manchester, Sheffield, and other districts, this association has now been exposed and broken up. It appears that it was managed by two brothers, who obtained the services of some thirty men to act as managers. These men were all sworn to secrecy by the brothers, who undertook to pay all fines and comensate those who were sent to prison. The principals have so far escaped, but three of the subordinates were convicted and sentenced each to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour at the last Manchester Quarter Sessions for obtaining money under false pretences.

Eye Trouble in Poultry.

Eye trouble is a serious thing with which to contend. The only treatment which can be suggested is: (*a*) Try the effect of blowing a powder composed of equal quantities of lump sugar and calomel (*Hydrarg. subchlor.*) into the affected eye daily; (*b*) bathe the eye with a weak solution of permanganate of potassium, and afterwards anoint with very faintly carbolised vaseline, repeating the operation in six or eight hours if necessary. The latter is perhaps the more simple operation of the two. Get a friend to hold the bird firmly for you, so that it cannot flutter; then, having bathed the eye, press it wide open and with a small camel's-hair brush put a piece of the vaseline gently on the eye itself, then release the lids; but do not allow the bird to go free until you are satisfied that the ointment has been worked well into the eye. While under treatment the fowl should be isolated, and kept in a clean place, and it will aid matters if the bird's legs were so tied that it cannot scratch its head.

Photo, Bland.

HUNTING IN IRELAND: The Tipperary Hounds, with the Master (Mr. R. Burke) in the centre.

Photo, Bowden.

WEST-END DOG SHOW: Old English Sheep Dog "Fair Helen," Mrs. G. Charteris.

Photo, Bland.

HUNTING IN IRELAND: A Tipperary Double, 17ft. from the take off. These banks are so high that a horse has to spring on the side, and a clever hunter will climb them like a cat.

Federation of Farmers.

The long looked-for Farmers' Convention was held at Darlington last week, under the presidency of Mr. G. Smurthwaite, chairman of the Darlington Farmers' Protection Association. Nearly 500 farmers were present, representing all the agricultural organisations in Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland, and delegates attended from the Lincolnshire Farmers' Union, Leicestershire Chamber of Agriculture, the Federation of Dairy Farmers' Associations of Scotland, and the Glasgow and West of Scotland Agricultural Discussion Society, Glamorgan Chamber of Agriculture, and the Central Chamber of Agriculture.

Mr. J. H. Walker, vice-chairman of the Darlington Tenant Farmers' Protection Association, in explaining the aims and objects of the Federation, says the *Standard*, said that such a gathering as that was without precedent in the history of farming. The new movement had awakened such deep and widespread interest that representatives were present from every part of Great Britain. Everywhere the work which they had in hand was awakening the greatest enthusiasm in those engaged in agricultural interests. The new Federation was not a political organisation, and they met as farmers, feeling that the interests of their calling demanded that they should draw closer together and act more in unison. It was desirable that they should act unitedly in questions affecting their interests, and by that great federation they would bring into existence a force which politicians, railway monopolies, brewery monopolies, and other monopolies would have to reckon with in the future.

Captain R. C. Hedley, Newcastle Farmers' Club, said that the movement had taken a most encouraging aspect from the first, and it rested with them to make it a vital and living thing. The financial side of the question would not affect them to the extent of more than 2d., or, perhaps, 1d. per member per annum.

Mr. W. Hill, Northumberland and Durham Dairy and Tenant Farmers' Association, proposed:—

"That, in the opinion of this conference, farmers should be adequately represented on parochial, rural, urban, and county councils, and that steps be taken to secure such representation."

The present burden on farmers was almost intolerable, and he thought that they should put forward a farmers' candidate in every district for representation on those bodies.

Mr. E. J. Weightman, of the same association, seconded the motion, and hoped that the outcome of that gathering would be that at the next election they would have a considerable number of farmers nominated.

Lord Burnard, in supporting the motion, said that he was firmly convinced that an enormous amount of injury was done owing to farmers not being sufficiently represented. He begged and prayed them to do all they could to bring candidates forward. Whilst he did not object to miners' representatives, they had no right to monopolise representation. It would cause class legislation of the worst description, if only one class was to be considered, and the interests of others cast to the winds.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. W. Parlour (Croft) introduced the subject of direct Parliamentary representation for the farming interest, and moved that the matter be referred to the Standing Committee for consideration and report. It had been the custom to let agricultural representation in Parliament take care of itself, and as a consequence there had been no adequate representation. The time had come when that should be altered, and the farming interest directly represented.

Mr. T. B. Bainbridge (Stockton Chamber of Agriculture) seconded, and suggested that the Standing Committee should consider how to combine the agricultural labourers with them.

The motion was agreed to.

Mr. R. Garnett (Skipton and District Tenant Farmers' Association) proposed:—

"That this conference proceed forthwith to the adoption of an agricultural parliamentary programme to put before candidates at the coming general election."

Odds and Ends

A reindeer has been born in Cook's circus at Edinburgh. It is said to be the only one ever born in the British Isles.

The Swiss village of Zofingen, in the Canton of Aargau, was decorated with flags in honour of a hen which had laid its thousandth egg. Five adjacent villages sent deputations, accompanied by bands, which serenaded the industrious hen.

The gold medal cheese exhibited at the annual show of the Cheshire Dairy Farmers' Association was sold yesterday for 120s. per cwt. in open market at Chester. The first prize cheese brought 80s. to 90s.

A fine specimen of the Goliath beetle, the largest of living insects, arrived at the Zoological Gardens lately. It is three inches long, two inches broad, and when its wings are spread it looks as large as a lark.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Should Lovers Flatter each other?

In forming a judgment as to whether lovers should flatter each other or not, it is as well, perhaps, to bear in mind that there are many different kinds, degrees, and shades of flattery. There are, for instance, to mention only two or three, disinterested over-laudation, what may be termed honest, or unconscious flattery, and the flattery which is the sincerest form of all—imitation.

Photo, Hill & Saunders.

Lord Gifford, who comes of age on November 4th.

No one will defend the false praise which is offered for the furtherance of selfish ends. But between this evil extreme and the pleasant exaggeration common between lovers there is a vast difference.

Oftentimes flattery is the chief weapon in a lover's armoury. Nor is skill in its use confined to one sex: though perhaps women, from rather less practice, are not so proficient as men.

This is, of course, perfectly natural, for men usually do most of the wooing, and the flattery which accompanies it is really based on the natural law of self-esteem common to most people. It is often simply a case of demand and supply.

Of course, there are circumstances in which even disinterested praise is a mistake. As sticklers for undiluted candour may say—to raise false hopes or puff another up with pride is an effect to be carefully guarded against. So it is. "Fit words are fine, but fine words are not always fit."

Some persons are much more easily influenced in this way than others. It is quite undeniable that the heads of some silly girls are turned completely by a few careless, insincere words, forgotten, perhaps, by the speaker as soon as uttered.

In the same way there are, of course, plenty of men who suffer, for a time, severely from swelled head, and are tempted often in consequence to plunge into enterprises for which they are unfit as a result of a woman's flattery and encouragement.

It is indisputable that most of us, however, both mankind and womankind, are not averse to a little gentle flattery discreetly administered. Neither are the majority of us quite impervious to its influence even when given in homeopathic doses.

But to argue that flattery is always of necessity harmful in its effects would be ridiculous and untrue. The converse frequently is seen. Certainly the most innocent or carefully-chosen phrase is liable to misinterpretation, and to have unforeseen and unfortunate results.

On the other hand, deliberate and barely-disguised flattery may in some instances produce most desirable consequences.

Take, for example, the case of a young man of good abilities whose progress is retarded by a lack of self-confidence. It is more than probable that if he has the good luck to become engaged to a young lady of insight and possessing a healthy ambition for their mutual welfare, she will be the making of him.

She will most likely see his weak side and endeavour to remedy it. She will notice how his shyness will, if unconquered, handicap his whole career.

It is then that words of praise, encouragement, and even downright flattery from her may, in time, inspire such confidence in himself that his progress-clogging shyness will be gradually overcome.

Probably most persons will agree that in almost every instance of excessive modesty in an affianced man a woman it is quiet a duty to develop her sweetheart's bump of self-esteem.

As hinted above, however, flattery is often a matter of demand and supply. And it must be admitted that most of us, especially of the feminine persuasion, are fond of it.

"There never was a looking-glass that told a woman she was ugly." Man is not likely to be ungallant enough to correct any misapprehension which we may cherish in this respect.

Where is the woman who really scorns admiration, even when she knows that it is extravagant? And does not the proverb say "Faint praise is kin to abuse"?

The good or evil effect of flattery is bound to depend largely upon the amount of discretion and skill used and the person subjected to its influence.

If a note of insincerity is struck, it is usually noticed and remarked upon by the listener, who has most likely already learnt that "what comes from the heart goes to the heart."

But the agreeable fiction which sweethearts love to exchange is a far different kind. It is generally honest in motive, and designed to give solid benefit and needed encouragement as well as pleasure.

Photo, Thomson.

THE MARCHIONESS OF TWEEDDALE: Mother of Lord Gifford, who will shortly come of age.

The Fireflies of Japan.

There are several places in Japan which are famous for fireflies. In a valley near Ishiyana, by the lake Omi, the swarming of the fireflies during the hot season was reckoned one of the marvels of the country. At Uji, in the centre of the tea district, they still attract thousands of people to see them. The most remarkable spectacle is, however, to be seen some miles further down the river, where the stream winds between hills covered with vegetation, and myriads of fireflies dart about over the water, and sometimes cling just above it. Sometimes they mass together in a sort of luminous cloud or a sparkling ball. The effect is strangely beautiful, and people wait all night in boats on the river to enjoy the sight.

Fowl à la Tartare.

Take a cold boiled fowl and cut it into neat joints, removing all skin and as much bone as possible. Dip the pieces into egg and then into breadcrumbs highly seasoned with pepper and salt, and fry in boiling fat. Serve with tartare sauce made thus: Into a clean pan, ever boiling, put the yolks of two eggs, a dessertspoonful of vinegar, and a little salt; whip quickly to a cream, and then add drop by drop a tablespoonful of salad oil, stirring all the time. Season with a teaspoonful of mustard, a suspicion of cayenne, and some minced parsley. Stand this in a saucepan with the chicken, which should be garnished with parsley and slices of lemon.

White Russian Soup.

Into a perfectly clean enamel saucepan put an ounce of butter, melt it, and then stir in quite smoothly an ounce of flour. Then add by degrees a quart of nicely flavoured white stock. Stir constantly till it has boiled fifteen minutes, removing any scum that arises. Melt an ounce of butter in a frying-pan, cut up a calf's kidney into small cubes, toss them in the butter for three minutes, take them up and keep hot, and then toss three or four mushrooms, and keep them hot. Put a beaten yolk of egg in the tureen, with half a gill of hot cream or milk, pour the soup gradually over, stirring well all the time. Add the bits of kidney and mushrooms to the soup, scatter a little parsley over and serve.

Salad Dressing.

A salad dressing to be wholesome should be as simple as possible. One of vinegar and oil, with pepper and salt, leaves nothing to be desired. On the other hand, very rich dressings, with cream and raw eggs, are very apt to disagree with people.

To Clean Earthenware Sinks.

Rub the discoloured part with a hearthstone moistened with hot water. Many stains will come off if a crystal soap is used, and the others a scouring with hearthstone will very soon erase.

Photo, Bolak.

MISS ROOSEVELT, who, during her trip to Japan, has received presents estimated to to be worth £20,000. Duty for entry into the States will be about £12,000!

Miss Edith A'Vard, the clever young violinist, who made a most successful first appearance in London last week. (See page 264).

Rheumatism.

The most obstinate cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Bronchitis, etc., are at once relieved by rubbing with **Smedley's Chillie Paste,** and, if applied when the first symptoms appear, one application will usually effect a complete cure, and avert what might otherwise be a severe illness. In 1/1½, 1/6, & 2/9 bottles from all chemists, or post free from HIRST, BROOKE, & HIRST, Ltd., LEEDS.

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THRILLING NEW SERIAL STORY.

The Mysterious Millionaire.

BY SIDNEY DREW.

FOREWORD.

This is a story of Graydon Garth, soldier, scholar, statesman, inventor, man of millions. The continent of Africa is assailed north and south by the hordes of Kanarphes, the Egyptian; Kanarphes, the mummy, people called him, but his dream is Africa under one ruler—himself. For years he has been arming and drilling the mighty warriors of Central Africa; five millions of these hardy men at his command are swooping through the country of Cape Town. Not a mere rabble, but five million trained soldiers armed with the death-dealing weapons of modern science. In the wonderful airship, the *Winged Terror*, Graydon Garth journeys to Linz on the Austrian border, and kidnaps Captain du Barry, the right-hand man of Kanarphes. The scene changes to the African Veldt, where Kit King and his men observe a stranger approaching them.

THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE HORDES OF VOR.

Kit crawled towards the circle of brown rocks. They formed a natural barricade round the camping ground. The distant smoke was blacker and denser. Something tragic was taking place beyond the distant river. Dark, flying figures broke through the reeds to the east, and streamed away. They were natives flying south, driven forward by the advancing hordes, the death-tide of Kanarphes.

Ibwaba Mar filled his pipe with vile Boer tobacco and hurled a clod of earth at one of the horses who was pawing the ground impatiently. Then he grinned and stretched out his hand.

"Pay up, Pete," he said. "He's clear of cover already."

A distant report broke the silence, and a man in a white tunic leapt from the reeds and threw himself flat upon his face. A bullet splashed up the dust close to his head. Crouching low, the man darted forward for twenty yards and fell prostrate again. Once more the unseen rifle cracked, and again the dust puffed up like smoke.

"Jackson's got his eye in," chuckled King. "Three to one I bowl him over running in, Pete! Do you take me?"

"No," growled the silent trooper.

"Five to two, then?"

"No!"

Kit, who despised the Lee-Metford rifle, extended his battered Mauser. The man was up again, running swiftly towards a patch of cover. He halted for an instant to look back. King's rifle spat, the figure swayed and fell.

"Fetch him in," chuckled King. "Hello, he's crawling off! Well done, Jackson!"

The wounded man was clutching his rifle. It suddenly leapt from his hand, the shock almost breaking his arm, as Jackson's bullet shattered the lock. Then the trooper rose from his ambush. They saw the flash of a knife and the downward sweep of a clubbed rifle. Jackson lifted the stunned figure in his arms and walked heavily towards the barricade. He dumped his prisoner down without ceremony.

"You've lost, Cap," said Peter, with a grin. "You've got him in the wrong leg."

"I said right, didn't I?"

"Left, Cap, didn't he, Jalland?"

Peter held out his horny hand and received back his sovereign. They examined their prisoner curiously. He was a tall man, over six feet in height, with splendidly-developed muscles and a deep chest. His complexion was a dark olive, his hair straight and black, and a thick band of silver circled his forehead. An eye was embroidered in coloured silk on his white tunic, and he wore sandles of leather. Blood trickled from a wound in his right leg, and though Jackson had stunned him, he still clutched his knife. Kit kicked it from his hand and picked it up.

"Made in Sheffield," he said, "and a good tool. What was his pop-gun like?"

"A Mauser pattern, Cap," answered Jackson. "I'd have brought it along, only I bust it beyond mending. I guess they're playing old Harry over yonder, and, by gad, that chap weighs a bit! Give me a drink."

They bound their prisoner, and sat down to their rough-and-ready meal. Intrepid, fearless, happy-go-lucky, they had hung for days almost within rifle-shot of the advancing army. Their very lives hung upon the fleetness and endurance of their sturdy veldt ponies, and their own wonderful knowledge of the parched wilderness.

For days thousands of terrified negroes had swept past them on the southward trek, for days the northern sky had been black with the smoke of burning kraals. Resistless, terrible, overwhelming in their multitudes, the warriors of Vor were marching onward, slaying, burning, and destroying, and sparing none.

Kit rolled over with a grunt of satisfaction, for he had found the gemsbok to his taste.

"We'll have to move at noonrise, boys," he said, "for the water-hole is about dry. We'll fill our bottles and make for the hill yonder. It won't do to clear out without getting a glimpse of 'em. That's what we're paid for, and we've got to earn our money. I reckon the Boer war was a picnic to this. If they don't buck up at home, they'll wipe Africa as clean as a slate. Bet you twenty pounds to ten, Jalland, Bulawayo's burned into cinders in less than a month!"

"It's off, baas," said Jalland, the scout. "Make it three months, and Kimberley, and I'll take it."

"Right you are!"

Kit jotted down the wager in a little leather pocket-book among fifty others of various amounts. This unconquerable craving for gambling was the one blot upon a splendid character. Strangely enough, though many of his wagers were wild almost to madness, he generally won.

"Try if you can make the thing talk, Pete," he said. "I see he's come round."

Peter Gay, the silent one, was, strange to say, the best linguist of the troop. He spoke to the prisoner in a dozen native dialects, but a shake of the head or a puzzled, frightened stare was all he gained.

The man seemed to be in fear of instant death, for he shrank in terror when they approached him.

"You might as well chuck it up," said Jackson. "Hear that?"

They started. It was the dull rattle of rifles. The sound swept sullenly through the darkening air.

"Look here, Cap!" said Jackson. "Tell us about it. We're all in a puzzle. Where do those chaps come from, where did they get their rifles, how did they learn to shoot? Who are they, any way?"

"Don't know," said Kit King. "It's just the information I'm looking for myself. Ask Pete."

Peter Gay shook his curly head. Perhaps he knew more of the interior of the great continent than even Kit himself.

"Spit it out, Pete," said Jalland eagerly.

"I don't know a lot," answered the scout. "Hullan and I got up near Umgadso once after ivory, and we met an Arab gang after niggers. They pushed into the swamps, for every nigger for miles round flitted to get out of danger. The fellow in command was Muel-Ab. He was the only one who came back. He told some yarn about a strange race of people he had run against, and some idol they worshipped called the God of the Eyes. They collared all the Arabs but Muel-Ab, and sacrificed them. He managed to escape. I thought he was lying, but I don't now. Look at the eye on that chap's shirt! I reckon when you talk about Africa it's just as well to say nothing ain't true till you know it's a lie."

"But how in thunder did they get the guns?" asked Kit.

"I'll go and see."

Pete swung himself over the barrier. A soft whistle of surprise broke from him as he examined the rifle. It was of the Mauser pattern, but the stock was made of a tough light wood quite unknown to him. A hide bag filled with cartridges lay beside it.

"I've found out where they get 'em from," he said, as he strode into the barrier. "They make 'em themselves."

The rifle was passed round for inspection. It was certainly not of European manufacture, but the workmanship was perfect in every detail. The cartridges, too, loaded with strip cordite, had cases not of brass, but of a whiter metal, which defied Kit's knife. Gun-barrel and cases were stamped alike with that mysterious eye.

"Well, that's curious, by thunder!" said Kit. "There are white men at the bottom of this, and I'll bet a hundred to ten on it. The knives are nothing. Africa's full of cheap knives, and gas-pipe guns. I've swapped thousands of 'em with the niggers in my time. But those rifles are home-made stuff beyond a doubt. Hello, again!"

Bam-bam-bam-bam! They knew that odd muffled sound as well as they knew each other. It was like the prolonged shaking of an enormous blanket held by giant hands. Every type of gun has its own peculiar report.

"A pompom, by thunder!" gasped Kit.

"That's so," answered Jalland. "And that's a Maxim!"

A Maxim rattled spitefully. Heavy firing was coming on beyond the river. They looked at each other in dismay.

"I'll hedge that bet about Kimberley, Cap," said Jalland. "I wouldn't take fifty to one about Cape Town's chance now. Maxims and pompoms! I reckon we're all dreaming."

Kit's lips were compressed, and the others sat listening intently to the distant clamour in strained attitudes. Until now they had imagined that the invading hosts were armed only with the cheap guns procured from the traders, guns so miserably constructed that they were more dangerous to those who fired them than those fired at. Kit drew his pencil through the bet.

"We'll trek at dark," he said. "Thunder, this news will rouse the earth! If they mean to stop 'em, they'll have to pump men in by the thousand as fast as they like. And when we get down yonder and tell 'em, they'll laugh at us. There's going to be a hot time, boys. Get the saddles on and put your traps together."

The noise of the guns ceased as darkness fell, a red glow tinged the northern sky, and then the moon rose white and placid.

"Ready, lads!"

Kit slashed the prisoner's cords with his knife and took the broken rifle with him. They cantered along the edge of the reeds towards the unnamed hill, leading their spare mounts.

A great hush had come over the veldt, and the scattered boulders cast weird shadows. Jalland took the lead and Kit King, his gun freed and ready, guarded the rear. They did not know what the shadows might hide. Ambushed men might be lying there, the whole veldt might be swarming with outposts.

Jalland uttered a growl and jerked his pony aside to avoid trampling upon the dead body of a negro. It had been horribly torn by vultures. They passed other bodies, among them the mangled corpses of women and children, who had died of fear and hunger when flying from the mysterious army.

"They'll lie as thick as flies below the sprait," said Kit, "for there's no water for miles. Ugh! It ain't a pretty sight. Thunder, Jackson, keep that horse from squealing, can't you?"

"How can I," grumbled the trooper, "when those gents are about?"

A lion, disturbed in its horrid meal, stood like a carved statue in the moonlight, his eyes gleaming menacingly at the intruders. He dropped his swishing tail and slunk away into the reeds.

"I could have plugged him finely," said Peter, with a sigh. "It goes to my heart to have to pass a lion without squirting lead into him. Steady, steady, old boy! Close in, Cap, or he'll slope."

The horse he was leading pranced and plunged with terror, threatening to break away and stampede. Kit gripped his head just in time. A valley loomed dark below them, and beyond it the hill sloped upwards. The red gleam in the sky was brighter, and they could smell the smoke.

They dipped into the valley and gained the foot of the hill.

"Dismount all," said Kit, "and look to your girths, boys. We've got to ride to-night."

They began to toil up the hill in the white moonlight. It was a weary climb. Jackson gained the summit first. Far away shone the river, further still the blaze of the kraals and the black smoke.

"See 'em?" asked Kit.

"No, Cap; they ain't so near as we thought, or else they're behind the other hill."

"Then, by thunder, we'll ford the river," said the Captain, "for see them we must. We leave the spare horses here, and you stop with 'em, Jackson. We'll raise the crocodiles. Now, then, don't waste time, and don't strike matches. Pity it's so bright."

In twenty minutes they were fording the crocodile-infested river. The water was girth-deep at the drift, and the current ran swiftly. They emerged dripping, and floundered through the black mud to the hard ground beyond.

Kit had taken off his polished boots and rode bare-legged.

"Horses, Jackson!" he said.

Jackson sighed as he seized the bridles. He was burning with eagerness to catch sight of the strange army, but he had to stay behind. Caution was necessary now. The men scattered into a half circle and blended with the shadows of the hill, for it might be sentinelled.

Kit out-stripped the rest. Suddenly he paused, and every muscle in his spare body grew rigid. A figure loomed out as if boldly drawn in ink upon the white sky. The man was leaning upon a rifle and peering towards the river, as if something suspicious had attracted his attention. A stone slipped under Peter's foot and went rolling down the slope.

The sentinel started and stared at the place, fingering his gun.

"I'll give Pete a rating for making all that row," muttered Ibwaba Mar. "If that fellow shoots we'll have to hop out of this pretty lively. He's a bit above my fighting weight, but I guess I'll be there."

He bunched himself together. The man, his eyes glittering, was walking towards the spot from which the sound had come. Kit looked admiringly at his splendid shoulders as he turned, and the magnificent muscles of his bare legs. He was evidently someone of importance, for his white tunic was richly embroidered and he wore anklets and bracelets of gold. A revolver dangled at his hip.

Kit leapt straight at his shoulders, and his right arm went round the man's throat. Then Peter Gay darted from his concealment. The giant dropped his rifle, and was reeling, speechless and breathless.

"Tap him on the head, Peter," said Kit coolly.

Gay's revolver butt thudded down and the sentry fell. Kit turned angrily on the trooper.

"You're a nice man for scouting, by thunder," he said, witheringly. "Can't you come up a hill without falling over your own feet and making as much noise as a cartload of monkeys?"

Peter grinned.

"Sorry, Cap, but I couldn't help making a bit of a row. You see, I ran against this chap's pal, and I had to keep him quiet. He's lying behind that rock there."

"Did you stretch him out?"

"I did, Cap, and you're bound to make some noise. Repp is just tying him up."

"Well, be more careful in future," growled the captain. "I expect a lot from my boys, and I mean to get it."

He softened the reprimand by patting the scout on the back. One by one the others came up. Both the prisoners were gagged and bound. The moon was high above them now, and the glare was dying out of the northern sky.

At last the summit was won, and they looked with eager eyes into the valley beyond. Kit's soft whistle broke the awed silence.

There lay the tents of the mysterious army, there waved its myriad banners! As far as the eye could reach in the clear white light clustered the brown mat tents. A few fires burned and the lowing of innumerable cattle rose musically upon the night air. Camels, oxen, horses, mules, were inspanned in a great square formed of thousands of waggons. Figures moved here and there like ants when Kit focussed his glasses, and he saw the grinning muzzles of countless guns.

It was no rabble, but an army, trained, drilled, splendidly equipped. Water-carts were groaning along the square of waggons with drink for the thirsty cattle. His eyes almost started from his head as Pete pointed back towards the river. It had been half-bridged and several traction-engines and steam cranes stood on the bank.

(*Continued on Page 270.*)

Photo, E. Peters.

A PYTHON AND ITS MEAL: An extraordinary photograph taken as the huge snake had finished its meal.

Photo, Cribb, Southsea.

NELSON NAVAL TOURNAMENT AT PORTSMOUTH: Lieut. Barrett cutting with a sword a bar of lead resting on the pipes of two bluejackets.

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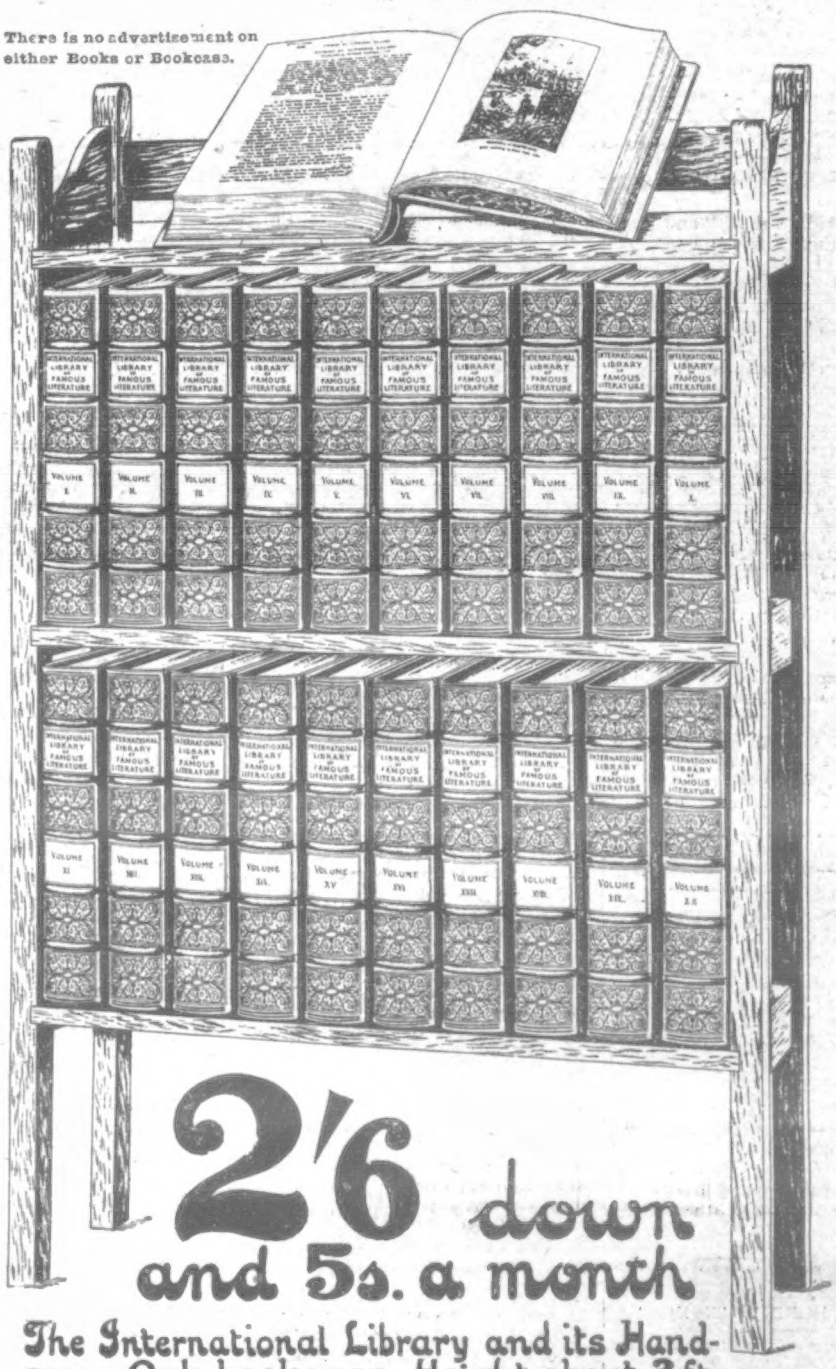

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Continued from Page 268.

A bugle sounded faintly, and there was a stir in the vast camp. Call after call answered it. Then tiny figures, as small as flies began to crawl over the unfinished bridge, and the faint clang of hammers drifted up. One of the cranes moved out, swinging a girder that looked no larger at the distance than a walking-stick.

"Thunder!" gasped Kit, mopping his forehead with his scented handkerchief, "you did well to hedge your bet, Jalland. Africa isn't the healthiest spot on earth just now. I'll bet——"

"Oh, draw it mild, Cap," growled Pete, "we're sick of betting! Let's get south out of this. If they've got a man who knows the ropes at the head of 'em nothing can stop 'em except the sea. I'll tell you what, boys, take your money out of the bank if you've got any in. This country is going to bust up. It's my opinion a sea voyage would do us all good."

Kit rammed the glasses into their leather case.

"By thunder, we'll watch it through first!" he growled. "Africa can't bust up yet. There's one chap who can stop 'em if he likes."

"Who's that, Cap?" asked half-a-dozen eager voices.

"That chap Pete and I saw at Mafeking. You know, Pete."

"Graydon Garth," answered the scout. "By Jupiter, yes! He's got the airship. I was working the Maxim the night they tried to rush us, and he sat there smoking cigarettes when the lead was flying round his ears. Never saw such a cool customer in my life. He gave me a cigar, and when the gun jammed he just seemed to touch it and it was clear again."

"Who is he, anyway?" asked Jalland.

Pete did not know any more than that. They lay on the summit of the hill looking down in fascination. Kit turned to descend, and a cry broke from Jalland.

"What's that?"

A dark speck hung in the northern sky.

"It's a balloon," said one of the men.

It increased in size swiftly. It was no balloon, but an airship, flying towards the river. It hovered above the bridge as if its passengers were examining the work. Then, its aeroplanes and screws beating the air, it moved towards the sleeping camp. A shaft of white light flashed down.

The camp awoke. Drums beat, bugles blared, guns were fired, and the little band of intrepid scouts, staring in wonder, were half-deafened by the wild ear-splitting chorus of a million tongues.

"Kanarphes! Kanarphes!"

THE PRISONERS OF THE EGYPTIAN, AND WHAT THEY SAW.

"Well," growled Lord Leckburn, "you take things calmly."

Graydon Garth looked at his handcuffed wrists, and yawned.

"Then you think it is a joke to be kept a prisoner on your own vessel by a dirty mummified Egyptian, eh? I fail to see where the funny part comes in."

"You have no imagination, Ned," said the millionaire. "I have cigarettes, you a pipe and tobacco, they give us our meals regularly, and allow us to pick our own wines. To show how they love us, they have presented us with these pretty bracelets, and, by the way, they watch us—they evidently don't intend to lose us."

Leckburn groaned as he surveyed the steel walls of their prison, that quivered with the throb of machinery. Garth managed to light a cigarette. His face was as impassive as ever, though sometimes his eyes twinkled merrily.

"We made some deadly blunders, Ned," he drawled, watching the blue smoke dreamily.

"You, not me, please, old chap. I wash my hands of the whole affair."

Garth laughed.

"Well, as you choose," he answered. "It serves us—pardon—it serves me right. I blundered first of all in leaving so many men behind me at Deal, I blundered again in fighting a duel with du Barry, but, my dear fellow, I cannot resist the thought of crossing steel with a good man. But the greatest, maddest blunder of all consists in the fact that I despised the power of Kanarphes."

"Pride comes before a fall," sighed Leckburn, "and we have absolutely bumped."

Garth's eyes were half closed.

"I must kill Kanarphes," he said, after a pause. "I shall be compelled to do it."

"Mind he doesn't kill you first, old man. Have you any idea where he is taking us?"

"I can make a good guess," drawled the millionaire. "I cannot help admiring this fellow. His intelligence department must be splendidly managed. How did he discover we intended to go to Linz, and how did he manage to trap us just at that fatal moment?"

"Ask me another," growled his lordship. "You don't seem to worry much. If you have any chance of killing our gaoler, there ought to be a hope for me. I'll have du Barry for my share. Oh, we have made idiots of ourselves! I should like to know what Kanarphes intends to do with us."

"Nothing. We shall escape."

Leckburn stared. To him there seemed little possibility of that. He surveyed the steel walls gloomily once more. Nothing could shake his confidence in Graydon Garth, but the hope of escape seemed vague and remote. From the passage came the regular footfalls of a sentry as he paced up and down.

"That's a bit of cheering news," he said, "the first I've heard for a long time. I can hardly realise Kanarphes has captured the *Winged Terror*, and that we are prisoners aboard it. But how can we get away? One can dig out of a gaol or get over the wall, but it's a different thing when there's a few thousand feet between one and mother earth. Have you got any plan?"

"Not one, Ned. Everything depends on my missing cigarette case and Terence Muldoon. The fate of Africa itself is in that miserable leather case. You look astonished. If Muldoon is the man I take him for, we shall give our Egyptian host the slip or else turn the tables and make him our guest. The *Avenger** is in Lincolnshire. Muldoon has failed to find us. He has seen the signs of a struggle and the bodies of the dead. If he has the cigarette case he will know what to do. We have been travelling about forty hours, I should say."

"Then you think Muldoon will follow on with the *Avenger*?"

"I do."

"But how on earth will he know where to steer?"

"You forget the cigarette case," drawled the millionaire.

"But if he has not found the thing?" persisted his lordship. "What then?"

Garth shrugged his shoulders. Bolts rattled, and the door opened, revealing two armed men. They unlocked the irons on the prisoner's ankles.

"What's the game now?" grumbled Leckburn. "I can't understand a word of their lingo."

"Kanarphes, the great chief, high priest of Vor, the all-powerful commander of the mighty army, lord of life and death, holder of the dread talisman, ruler of rulers," drawled Graydon Garth, "sends his compliments and begs us to honour him by stepping on deck. I like his titles. I wonder whether he has any more of them?"

"They seem to respect us," said Leckburn. "Look at the guard they've sent."

Men with rifles were posted in the corridor. Garth, with a careless smile on his lips, walked lazily between them.

Leckburn whistled as he puffed at his pipe. He saw the shimmer of stars through the glazed roof of the wheelhouse and smelled the cool night breeze. A doleful sigh from the gloom made him look back. The sigh came from the chest of Micky, the gunner.

"Hello, Casey!" said Leckburn, pausing. "I thought they'd knocked you on the head."

"Troth, I could almost wish the spalpeens had, my lord, for, sure, is loife worth livin' widout Terry Muldoon? Poor ould Terry, what a broth of a bhoy he was! Ah, it's a bitther day!"

"But Muldoon wasn't in the fight at all," said Leckburn. "He was sent on an errand."

At the joyful news Micky, the gunner, let out an Irish yell that made one of the startled sentries threaten to bayonet him. The man's face was scarred across the forehead by some old wound, and Micky took stock of him.

"All roight, ye haythin villain," he remarked. "Ye won't allow a gintleman to let off a bit o' sthame, won't ye."

(To be continued.)

* A second airship similar to the *Winged Terror*, founded by Graydon Garth.

Photo, Bolak.

THE "LONG JOSEPH" AS A RECRUIT: The tallest recruit in the German Empire, who is now in the I. Garde Regiment at Potsdam. He is twenty years of age, about 7ft. 10ins. in height, and is about 3½ft. round the chest.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

How many people get one-quarter of the value that they ought to out of their daily paper? The halfpenny paper that you buy to read in the train on your way to business in the morning, or on your homeward journey after work, may be made a most useful educational factor. It should give you plenty of amusement and instruction in the long winter evenings that are now setting in.

When you come across a quotation, or a reference to some event you do not fully understand, never let it slip. Put a mark against it with a pencil. When you get home it will make a pleasant half-hour's amusement to look those things up. If you have other things to do, wait until Sunday afternoon, and do it then. If you have one or two ordinary reference books, which need not cost you more than sixpence or a shilling apiece, you will find it quite easy to discover all that you want to know about the subjects mentioned in your evening paper.

As an example I will take the halfpenny paper which I read in the train last Monday evening. In it I found five quite common references, yet I doubt whether one person out of every hundred who read that paper could have given me much information regarding them all. People have not sufficient time nowadays to keep up a knowledge of the classics such as their fathers had, and the only thing to do is to read things up as you go along.

The first paragraph I noticed referred to a boy of Cardiff who had run away from home ten times in fifteen months. Mr. Plowden, the magistrate, called him a sharp lad, who would be sure to get on, and the sub-editor of the paper had put a heading on the paragraph, "No 'Home Keeping Youth.'" The reference was, of course, to the opening lines in Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," where Valentine says: "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits."

A column or so farther on in the same paper I came across the following:—

"A LITTLE MORE THAN KIN."

Bradford Stipendiary: Are you any relation to the prisoner?
Witness: No, sir, I am her husband.

This also is a Shakespearian quotation. It was Hamlet who, talking to his step-father, the King, made use, in an aside, of the expression, "A little more than kin, and less than kind."

The third paragraph I noticed was headed "Not Lotus-eaters." It was a report of a speech made at a New York banquet by Mr. Choate, the newly-returned Ambassador to Great Britain, in which he said: "You were going at a tremendous pace when I went away, but now, if I can judge, you have set upon the pace that kills. We need to imitate the repose and relaxation of older countries."

The sub-editor who put that heading on the paragraph was thinking of Lord Tennyson's poem, "The Lotus Eaters," which tells of a set of islanders who dwell in a dreamy idleness, weary of life, and regardless of all its stirring events. Homer, in the Odyssey, referred to a people who ate of the lotus tree, the effect of which was to make them forget their friends and homes, and to lose all desire of returning to their native land. The lotus-eater only cares to live in ease, luxury, and idleness.

Oddly enough there was a parody of another well-known quotation from Tennyson in the same issue of the paper. The secretary of the Automobile Association, referring to the recently-organised cyclist scouts, said:—

This is our first step towards that protection which it is the aim of our committee to establish, and, funds permitting, continue on every important road, until the time shall arrive when "police traps cease from troubling, and the stop-watch is at rest."

The sentence, of which this is an amusing parody, forms the last line of Tennyson's "May Queen." It runs, "And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

I think I have quoted enough to show how much can be done in the way of self-culture with the aid of an ordinary halfpenny newspaper. I have shown you where you can find four well-known quotations. But don't let it stop at that. Unless you know all of these pieces very thoroughly already, I should like you to make a point of going to your Free Library—if you haven't a Shakespeare and a Tennyson in the house—and carefully reading portions of the pieces I have named. If you will also learn them off by heart, so much the better. When you have read them, mark an evening paper of your own, and chase the references to their source. It is a most engrossing occupation.

If you do not like poetry, there are plenty of other subjects to choose from—history, politics, geography, and the hundred and one other topics which are dealt with in a daily paper. In my Monday's evening paper I see, for instance, that President Roosevelt has had an interview with the widow of "Stonewall" Jackson.

"Stonewall" Jackson was the nickname given to the famous Confederate general during the American Civil War. I am particularly glad to be able to refer to him, because "Stonewall" Jackson was one of the men who always looked things up. As a boy he was not at all brilliant, in fact, he was chiefly noted for his slowness; but he had great application and perseverance.

When a task was set him, he never left it until he had mastered it, and he never pretended to know the lessons which he had not entirely learnt. "Again and again," wrote one who knew him, "when called upon to answer questions in the recitation of the day, he would reply, 'I have not yet looked at it; I have been engaged in mastering the recitation of yesterday or the day before.' The result was that he graduated seventeenth in a class of seventy. There was probably in the whole class not a boy to whom Jackson, at the outset, was not inferior in knowledge and attainments; but at the end of the race he had only sixteen before him, and had outstripped no fewer than fifty-three. It used to be said of him by his contemporaries that, if the course had been for ten years instead of four, Jackson would have graduated at the head of his class."

Nobody can teach you anything unless you are willing to be taught. If you are willing to be taught, you will show your willingness by beginning to teach yourself.

VALENTIA STEER.

Photo, Topical.

At the Theatre des Varieties, Paris, in the second act of a new play, a Daimler motor is being used to reproduce for the first time in a theatre the sounds of a motor-car.

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